Elizabeth Munroe

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"MOTHER MUNROE."

THE SHINING PATH:

AS ILLUSTRATED IN

THE LIFE AND EXPERIENCE

OF

ELIZABETH MUNROE.

BY

MRS. MARY D. JAMES,

AUTHOR OF "THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN," ETC.

The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

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INTRODUCTION.

BY BRADFORD K. PEIRCE, D. D.,
EDITOR OF ZION'S HERALD.

PROTESTANTISM has her saints, as well as the Roman Catholic Church, although she does not, like the latter, publicly canonize them. In our branch of the former church there have been elect women "not a few," whose holy lives and heavenly tempers, while they dwelt upon the earth, and whose memoirs since their translation to the skies, have been both an effectual example and an inspiration for all that have known them, or read of their faith and devout consecration.

It may be, as some have believed, that it has pleased God to set forth, in certain of his disciples, in an eminent measure, the richest possibilities of the grace of the Gospel of his

Son. While there may be in them certain happy proportions of human elements, and an exalted courage to endure, as well as to do, the will of God, in the majority of instances these heavenly-minded saints have been subjected to very severe discipline, and have not shrunk from drinking of the cup, or being baptized with their Lord's baptism. They have been tried in the fire until only the pure gold, which reflected undimmed the image of God, remained behind. They have walked on earth with Christ "in the regeneration;" they have been "breathed upon" by his Spirit; they have accepted him as more than representing, in their affections, father, mother, brother, sister, husband, wife, or houses and lands. They have moved about the earth, through all its relations, as not enslaved by it, yet not shrinking from it, nor soiled by it; in the world, but not of it; loving, beloved, and exhibiting wherever they go the beauty of holiness.

Such a saintly woman, although she would never permit herself to be thus called—one of the simplest, humblest, meekest of all the disciples, and least of all in her own estima-

tion — was "Mother Munroe." For nearly a half century she seemed to hold that title, given rather on account of affection and respect than for the marks of age observed upon her. Choosing in her early womanhood the plain costume of the Friends, and what was also, at the time she assumed it, the habit of our Methodist women, she preserved it until it was laid aside for a heavenly robe and crown. She always wore a mature expression, but never aged, and never losing the sunlight and sweetness that follows high and close communion with God.

Nature may have contributed something to the saintliness of "Mother Munroe," but grace more. She looked upon herself as a wonderful illustration of the mercy of God and the power of the Gospel. Religion, in her estimation, had accomplished a miracle of regeneration in transforming a very worldly and rebellious young woman into a submissive child of God. She had been submitted to very severe and fiery discipline, about which she said little as to its details, but it certainly had wrought out in her the "peaceable fruits of righteousness." Having made an entire

renunciation of the world as an object of ambition or affection, she sought in the Gospel the fulfilment of all its "exceeding great and precious promises," and was enabled, for many years, to show forth its power and loveliness wherever she moved, and to rejoice in it with a "joy unspeakable and full of glory."

In the instance of not a few persons professing close communion with God, there are revealed certain painful weaknesses and eccentricities of character or habit, which diminish, if they do not destroy, the force of their testimony as to the extent and nature of the divine life. But in the case of Mother Munroe, her conversation and temper simply illuminated and rendered more attractive the triumphant power of grace in which she rejoiced. No one doubted her simple and natural testimony; they could not do this as they looked into her calm face or saw it radiant with the "solar light" that often burnished it. Besides this, everything was in harmony with her profession. She was not a "quietist," or a "pietist" merely; she did not seek to remain always upon the mount of vision, looking upon the Saviour's transfigured face; but

she eagerly followed in his footsteps, "going about doing good" to the bodies and souls of her fellow-men. She found the words of Christ to be eminently fulfilled in her experience, that it was "more blessed to give than to receive." Her whole life was one scene of active, practical, Christian benevolence and evangelism. Her tender and thoughtful care of the sick, in scores of instances, became the opportunity of most effectually preaching Christ to hearts that needed a divine consolation, even more than the prized human ministrations which she so delicately offered.

She was welcomed by all denominations of Christians. The sight of her plain bonnet and beaming face would secure a manifest recognition and silent welcome in any social religious service held by believers in the Gospel of a common Saviour. Only the Divine Master knows how many hundreds of her sex, from various churches, in different places, sought her Christian counsel and prayers, and went away strengthened from her presence; and unnumbered sincere tears were shed when it was announced that this dear disciple had been called to her long-anticipated home.

We are glad that the attempt has been made to preserve some memorial of her life; but it seems almost like the effort to gather up the fragrance of flowers; her life was more beautiful than marked by incident. She did not write much; she simply lived! It is a pity that more of her sweet words, her wise counsels, and her rich experience, could not have been transcribed as they dropped warm from her lips. Would that we could have had transcripts of some of those heaven-inspired prayers! But then the voice, the tender tone, and the life would not be in them.

The devoted friend and loving companion of the departed has gathered up much that all who knew her will be glad to have preserved, and which, we hope, will be fruitful in inspiring "like precious faith," and in securing like holy lives. We heartily commend the little volume. We are happy to bear our personal testimony to the purity and beauty of the life it pictures, and to express our personal obligation to the subject of its pages for the influence of her consistent and holy example upon our own religious faith and experience.

AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION.

My first acquaintance with Mother Munroe was during the winter of 1863.

At a meeting for the promotion of holiness, held in the chapel of the Old South Church in Boston, I saw an aged woman whose peculiar attire attracted my attention. I thought there is one of the old-fashioned Methodists, who were quite numerous many years ago, but now so rare that to see one is a real curiosity. The meeting had not advanced far when the plain old lady arose, and stated briefly her happy experience of the power of Christ to "save unto the uttermost."

I was impressed with her simplicity and humility, and especially with the divine unction which attended her testimony.

There is one of my Saviour's precious jewels! — I said in my heart — and I must seek an early acquaintance with her.

I asked a lady at my side, "Who is that aged woman who just spoke?" "Why, that is Mother Munroe," she replied. "I guess you are a stranger in Boston, for everybody here knows Mother Munroe."

I said, "I have but recently come to this city, but I have heard of that good woman, and I hope I shall not long be a stranger to her."

Soon afterward I called on some friends, and speaking of the meeting at the Old South Chapel, said there was a remarkable old lady there in whom I was much interested. Before I had time to say any more, one of them said, "Oh, yes, I know to whom you allude — it is dear Mother Munroe! She is a most precious saint of God. I will take you to see her: she lives near us in a little street in the rear of our garden; we have a gate through, so that we see her often."

Not many hours had passed before I was led by the short way to the little upper room, which was the abode of the venerable saint.

She met us with a pleasant smile and a cordial greeting.

Her neighbor said, "I have brought a dear relative of mine to see you — one who has

loved Jesus and followed Him from her early childhood."

Her countenance lighted up as she said, "I'm glad to see you! I always think it is a great privilege to have God's dear children come to see me. I live up here in this little room, and it is a heavenly place, I assure you, for my blessed Saviour lives here with me, and you know where He lives is Heaven. I haven't much of this world, but I feel very rich, because I can claim all the promises of God as mine, and because they are fulfilled to me day by day. I'm a poor little worm, but

'He calls a worm His friend —
He calls Himself my God.'

"He deigns to own me, and bless me with such rich comforts that my heart is all the time running over with praise."

Thus she talked on so sweetly of "Jesus and His love," and then we had a season of prayer.

As her petitions ascended to God for blessings upon her visitors, we felt indeed that heavenly benedictions came down upon us, and we said, "It is good for us to be here."

As we left that sacred spot, hallowed by the

presence of the Most High, I felt that an exalted privilege had been mine. I had met with a Princess in Israel, a daughter of the Great King, and had begun an acquaintance and friendship with her which would be perpetuated through endless ages.

Even in that one interview I had gained much spiritual good, for her words were "like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

In one of my subsequent interviews with her, speaking of advancement in the knowledge and love of God, she compared her Christian experience to the different grades of literary training, and said: "I was a good while in the primary department of the school, but I thank the Lord that I graduated many years ago and entered the High School, where I have learned a great deal more; but there are greater studies yet for me to master before I shall be ready to go home from school,—much more to learn of the wonderful things of Christ's kingdom; and I want to be a good scholar and learn all that the Great Teacher wants me to, and then when I am through I shall have a glorious welcome to my Father's house.

"School-days will soon be over, and God's dear children will go home. Bless the Lord! that will be *glorious*, won't it?

"But, now, only think how many stay in the primary department year after year, and some all their lives! Dear souls, what a pity they have so little ambition! How much they lose by not learning faster! They don't mind the apostle's injunction, 'Be diligent,' but just drag along, day after day, making no progress at all. Well, I don't know how they will manage to gain the kingdom at last, because, you see, they can't get there without graduating into the high school first, and I don't see that they can ever graduate at the rate they are going now."

This divine training made her a finished scholar, to whom the church looked up for instruction, and her presence in the sanctuary was prized beyond expression. One of her pastors said of her, "Mother Munroe is fully one-half of Bromfield Street church."

Another said: "When Mother Munroe is at prayer-meeting, it is not so much matter who is absent, as to the interest of the meeting, for she is a host herself."

THE SHINING PATH.

CHAPTER I.

BEGINNINGS.

"Who hath despised the day of small things?"
ZECH. IV. 10.

OF the early history of Elizabeth Munroe very little is known. She was born in Lexington, Mass., May 17, 1793, in very humble circumstances, and her childhood was spent in obscurity and clouded with poverty and sorrow.

In the providence of God she found a home during her early youth where He was acknowledged, and she was favored in receiving religious instruction. In conversation with intimate friends she sometimes alluded to her early life, and always with deep emotion. She

often, with tears and exultation, would break forth in adoring gratitude to God for the miracle of grace she was in having been snatched from the verge of ruin and brought into the fold of the Good Shepherd in her youth.

"Oh, how much I owe to Miss Minot!" she often said, "for she taught me the first lessons concerning God and salvation, and impressed my young heart with eternal things. I am so thankful to her!"

It was in the family with which that estimable lady — Miss Minot — was connected that the destitute child was placed to be brought up; and to her religious instructions may be traced the hallowed influences that blessed the beginnings of a life which developed into such beauty and blessings to the world.

The name of Miss Minot, a Baptist lady, is introduced here that she may receive the honor due to so noble a character, — who,

taking from the dust a rough diamond, was so diligent in her efforts to polish it for the Master's use, — a gem of such rare value to God's church on earth, and doubtless now of rarest lustre in the Saviour's diadem.

That young Christian lady knew not how great a work she was doing in teaching that poor little friendless girl. She little thought she was training a princess in Israel — one who would so glorify God in showing forth the power of His gospel and magnifying His grace in the world. Yet she labored as faithfully as if she had known that she was training an instrument who would "turn many to righteousness," and "shine as a star forever and ever." What a glorious work, what an exalted privilege, what a distinguished honor was hers who gave gospel teaching to that little "bound girl," Betsy Munroe!

Although she made no profession of religion in her childhood, yet the foundation of her Christian principles and life was then laid. In

addition to the good counsels and instructions alluded to, she had the advantages of attending church, and, in after years, the Sabbath school, by which her purpose to serve God was strengthened, and, finally, in the Baptist Church she was converted and baptized. For some years she was a member of that church and led a Christian life, but disobedience to the injunction, "Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers," brought her into great trouble in marrying a man who was altogether unsuitable for her. Being for a time in a partially backslidden state was the cause of her falling into such a snare. A retrospect of that portion of her life gave her great pain and regret, and when she spoke of it, it was with deepest humiliation. From her own statement it must have been exceedingly unhappy, but not of long duration. In speaking of her sufferings as the result of her connection with a wicked man, with a downcast look and a heavy sigh, she would say:

"Ah! my troubles were all deserved. Betsy Munroe was a very naughty girl, and Father had to whip me real hard to bring me back, but it was done in great mercy and wonderful compassion. I had wandered far from Him, but He brought me home again — bless His name! — and gave me a place among His dear children, washed me in His own precious blood, and put His pure and beautiful robe all over me! **Oh, isn't** it wonderful! wonderful!"

CHAPTER II.

FULL CONSECRATION AND THE SEALING OF THE SPIRIT.

"In whom ye also trusted after that ye heard the word of truth, the gospel of your salvation: in whom also after that ye believed, ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise." EPHESIANS I. 13.

OF an event which exerted a controlling influence upon her subsequent life, Mother Munroe frequently spoke with deepest feeling. It took place at a camp-meeting, at Eastham, Massachusetts, — one of those memorable seasons of the marvelous manifestations of converting and sanctifying power of which old Methodists of New England cherish delightful reminiscences.

Then a young woman, and knowing little of Methodist teachings or usages, she visited the

camp-meeting alluded to, and being a true Christian, attended its services with interest.

Listening to the blessed gospel, preached with the power of the Holy Spirit, in which the Christian's high calling and glorious privilege in Christ were clearly set forth and fervently impressed upon believers, the heart of the young Baptist was deeply moved, and she desired to receive the fuller baptism of the Holy Ghost. Bowing at the altar of prayer, she humbly and earnestly sought the blessing, until the desire of her heart was given her.

Of that thrilling event, Mrs. S. B. Holway, of Chelsea, who was kneeling by her side, gives the following account:

"In the summer of 1828 I met Mother Munroe, then a young girl, at Eastham camp-meeting, where she heard the doctrine of full salvation preached by Rev. A. D. Merrill, which powerfully impressed her heart and induced her to seek, as a personal experience, the fullness of saving grace.

"She had never heard it preached as the

believer's privilege to be received by faith, and now, as soon as she heard it set forth, she received the doctrine gladly. The text of the sermon alluded to was: 'Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect.' Then she had her eyes opened to see her great privilege, that it was 'the will of God, even her sanctification.' She sought and found it. The clear witness was given her at that meeting. I was kneeling by her side in prayer at the time she came so sweetly into the blessing of perfect love, and claimed Christ as her complete Saviour, 'saving her to the uttermost,' as she said. Oh, how delightful was that hour when that precious one was sanctified through the truth by simply believing God's word. As soon as she heard she believed.

"Oh that glorious hour, when she saw the cleansing stream, and said 'it cleanseth me!'

"Ever after that time she was a decided witness of the cleansing blood; and it was the power of full salvation that made Mother Munroe all she was in subsequent years. She had a present indwelling Christ, and was 'complete in Him.' She loved to speak of Him as a personal living Saviour, and it was the power of the risen Christ within her which enabled her to do the work for

her Lord and Master which so distinguished her life. How wonderfully was she saved, and how wonderfully she saved others, as an instrument in God's hands, hundreds could testify who knew her beautiful and useful life."

The account from her own lips, to a company of Christian friends, as given by one of them, Miss Lois Smith, is specially interesting.

"Mother Munroe related to us the account of her receiving the blessing of perfect love at the old Eastham camp-ground. The impressiveness of her manner, as she repeated the story, can never be told. She seemed to be in communion with the Infinite source of Love as she talked, and her countenance glowed with heavenly radiance.

"She closed the narrative in language something like the following:

"'In the afternoon Brother Merrill preached, and I sat in the congregation just before him. He was recounting the evidences of the entire sanctification of the heart, and as he mentioned them one after another, I said, each time, "Lord, give it to me, and I will believe," and three times during the sermon I seemed caught away to

heaven. I had a white robe. My Saviour held me by the hand, and I walked with him.'

"Then pausing, and looking intently at her own hand, as it rested on the table, she said, with indescribable pathos and sweetness:

"'That pierced hand! I shall know that hand when I see it again! I shall know that hand!'— still gazing at her own hand, as if it were still feeling the same divine pressure, while a far-away look, as if communing with things not of earth, came into her tear-filled eyes, — 'I shall know that hand!'

"We held our breath in speechless awe that dared not move, for the Holy Ghost filled all the place where we were sitting."

Mother Munroe's first class-meeting testimony, after Eastham camp-meeting, was:

"I feel like saying, Lord, keep me little, humble, simple, honest, innocent, sincere."

How fully that prayer was answered all who knew her could attest.

CHAPTER III.

ENTIRE DEVOTION AND ITS RESULTS

"That we, being delivered out of the hands of our enemies, might serve Him without fear, in holiness and righteousness before Him, all the days of our life."
LUKE I. 14, 15.

THE experience described in the former chapter marked an important era in the life of Elizabeth Munroe.

In speaking of it she always said she was not in a backslidden state immediately previous to that wonderful baptism, — but in a state of conscious acceptance with God as his child, having been fully reclaimed; yet feeling that the bent to sinning was not removed, that roots of bitterness were remaining in her heart, and springing up, sometimes troubled her. And when she was brought to see her

privilege to be free from these, she could not rest till the work of purification was accomplished, and she was brought into the full liberty of the gospel. From that hour there was a steadiness of faith, a fixedness of purpose, a singleness of aim, and devotedness to God, that were apparent to all with whom she had intercourse. Conforming in her life to God's word, and imitating her divine Redeemer in "going about doing good," she was truly "a living epistle, read and known of all men," setting forth the power and blessedness of an uttermost salvation.

And this was her favorite theme. The precious passage, "He is able to save unto the uttermost all them that come unto God by Him," was often upon her lips, and that, she considered, settled all questions in reference to the attainability of perfect purity. What could "uttermost" mean, if it were not an entire cleansing of heart and perfection of the Christian graces? That word "uttermost," in

connection with that other little word "save," it was the delight of her heart to repeat. It was soon after the beginning of that richer and deeper experience that she became a member of the M. E. Church in the city of Boston, and from that time she there shed the hallowed lustre of her beautiful Christian example; although in the humble walks of life she won the respect and confidence not only of her own church, but of the community to whom she was known.

There began her walks of usefulness, in which the sick, the poor, the sorrowful, and the sinful hailed her as an angel of mercy; and there, through the remainder of her long life, she diffused blessings precious and unnumbered.

Long before her advanced age warranted the title of "Mother Munroe" was she truly "a mother in Israel," and looked up to as a counselor, comforter, and "succorer of many;" a mother to whom the babes might come for

the "milk of the word," and the weak, the lame, the halt, and the blind, for strength and healing and comfort.

Mrs. Rev. J. H. Mansfield thus writes of her "sweet and precious recollections of Mother Munroe":

"The Christliness, the spiritual influence about her, the holy atmosphere in which she lived, making 'her presence,' as one has expressed it, 'a continual benediction;' this was her chief attraction: hence the impossibility of giving a correct portraiture of her character. One was constantly charmed by her unassuming manners and her self-forgetfulness; while in her public efforts that sweet, childlike simplicity in prayer and exhortation, the entire absence of everything that savors of self-exaltation, and the hidden power of the Holy Spirit which attended her words, attracted us we scarcely knew why."

One of the first outward manifestations of her entire devotion to God was a great change in the style of her dress, from excessive gaiety to extreme plainness.

Alluding to this change, she gave her reason

for it as applying specially to her own case: but she never urged, or even intimated that it was obligatory upon any one to imitate her mode of apparel.

She said dress had been a snare to her before her entire consecration to God, and her natural desire for gaiety and conformity to the world, she found, must be crucified, for it stood right in the way of her complete salvation; so, to crush out her love for it, she chose to go to the other extreme. Whether God required her to do so, or whether a middle course would not have been more pleasing to Him and would not have recommended religion more than her extreme plainness, is not for us to determine. The matter was between herself and her God: but that she was willing to make such a sacrifice for His sake furnished evidence the strongest of her sincere love and fidelity to Him, and must have been acceptable in His sight.

Her way of dealing with persons whose

dress she deemed inconsistent is illustrated as follows :

" In the chapel of the Old South Church, many years ago, she made a very touching appeal to Christian women in regard to worldly conformity. Assuming that they were conscientious in the matter, she said, in her sweet motherly way, ' My dear sisters, don't feel obliged to conform to the fashions and customs of the world. The devil will tell you it is necessary, in order to gain an influence over all classes, but don't you believe him ! He is a liar ! You will have a stronger influence, and greater power, by keeping separate from the world.' "

She was a living exemplification of the truth she asserted. She remarked to one of her friends, in regard to her singular dress, " I don't know that I would do it again if I had my time to live over, for it makes others sin by laughing at it. Well, it may have done a few people good ; thank God, if it did ! "

CHAPTER IV.

LOVE FOR THE BIBLE.

"Thy word have I hid in my heart."
PSALM CXIX. 11.

THE Word of God was truly "a light to her feet and a lamp to her path." She daily searched its sacred pages, that she might see the good and the right way of the Lord, "grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ," and "be thoroughly furnished unto every good work." Go in when we would, the precious Book was in her hands, or lying open upon the table. From the sacred treasury she was always drawing rich supplies, and on her tongue was ever some blessed passage. She was indeed "mighty in the Scriptures," and understood

well how to use the "sword of the Spirit." Wielded by her, it often proved effectual, "dividing asunder the soul and spirit, and the joints and marrow." This was her favorite weapon, and faithfully and skillfully she used it, often to the discomfiture of the enemy and the triumph of Israel. This was undoubtedly the secret of her spiritual power. She knew little of other books; but the Book of books was enough for her, it sustained her spiritual life.

It was her constant effort to induce young converts to study the Scriptures and make them the man of their counsel and rule of their life. "If you do that," she would say, "you will never backslide, but you will grow stronger every day, and your souls will be as a 'watered garden.' All the plants of grace will flourish and bring forth fruit abundantly." And many of the dear young Christians who were blessed with her example and instructions did become fruitful branches of the living vine.

The Word of God was the subject of her meditations day and night. How she loved to talk of its sacred teachings and precious promises!

One of her favorite portions was the 91st Psalm. I seem now to see that furrowed face light up as she read and pondered the rich blessings there set forth as the heritage of the believer — the divine assurances of protection, exaltation, and abounding comforts. How she would break forth in triumphant exultation as she said, "That means *me!* Those precious promises are *mine!*"

"'He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High,' — ah, yes! that means very close to Him, — 'shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.' You see we can't be under His shadow without we are right by His side; and I've been there a good many years, thank His dear name! 'I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and fortress, my God; in Him will I trust.' How beautiful! Yes, I

can say that, too, for when conflicts have come I have felt so safe, because God was with me, and I have trusted in Him.

"'Surely He shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.' Truly that has been fulfilled; for, oh, how many snares have been set for my feet, and God has delivered me from them all! I should surely have fallen into them if He had not rescued me, and I have been delivered from the noisome pestilence, many a time, when I have been ministering to the sick and poor where contagious diseases were.

"'He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under His wings shalt thou trust.' There! isn't that the sweetest of all! And I know what that means. Haven't I felt just as safe and just as happy as the little chicks under the wings of their mother? They haven't any fear nor any trouble — they just rest there. What difference does it make to them how the wind blows, or how the storm rages? —

they don't care, because mother's wings are over them. Just so I feel: bless the Lord, O my soul!

"'Thou shalt not be afraid of the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day.' No, why should I be afraid? I'm under His wings. I lie here all alone every night, — am sometimes sick, and think may be I shall die before morning; but that's no terror to me, because I'm so safe under His wings!

"'A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee; only with thine eyes thou shalt see and behold the destruction of the wicked.' Ah! how many have I seen fall around me, while I have been kept alive; how many wicked people, who seemed more likely to live than I, have been cut down, not living out half the years allotted to man; and here I am, alive yet! have come down to old age!

"'Because thou hast made the Lord thy

trust there shall no evil befall thee.' Oh, yes, that's the reason, I know it; that's why I've been kept from all harm. I have made the Lord my trust.

"'For He shall give His angels charge over thee.' Oh, wonderful! wonderful! that the great God should give His angels charge over such a poor little creature as Betsy Munroe, and that 'in their hands they should bear me up, lest I dash my foot against a stone.' Oh, how often I should have fallen if I hadn't been borne up! It is amazing! amazing that He should care so much for such a little atom as me, but it's true, — I know it; I see it; I feel it every day and every hour.

"'Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him.' Yes, I see; that's it. 'I have set my love upon Him.' I have; that is sure. I have loved Him with all my heart for a good many years; I know I have. He has been the last in my thoughts at night, and the first in the morning when I

have waked, and 'Jesus all the day long has been my joy and my song.' Glory to His dear name! Yes, I have set my love upon Him, and he's more than all the world to me.

"'I will set him on high because he hath known my name.' Yes, He has indeed set me on high, lifted me up from the pit of sin, the miry clay of this vain and wicked world, to find fellowship with His saints and communion with himself. Oh, that is being set on high, sure enough! Can it be me? — such a poor nothing as I am — 'lifted up from my low estate and set among princes!' All the stains of sin washed away by His cleansing blood, and His own white robe thrown over my soul, His blessed name written on my forehead, and my name written in Heaven! Was there ever such a monument of His mercy? It is to magnify His grace, His boundless grace, that one so vile as I should have been exalted to be an heir of His kingdom, 'because he hath known my name.

Glory be to God! I have known His name, I do know it, and I find it to be 'a strong tower; I run into it and am safe!' Halleluia!

"And here comes another glorious promise: 'He shall call upon me, and I will answer him; I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him and honor him.' Yes, yes! I've proved that, too, many a time. He has answered my prayers so quickly that I've been surprised. And it seems to me I always get just what I ask for. To be sure, I don't ask for anything but what I think He is willing to give, and I'm sure I don't want anything else. And oh, hasn't He been with me in trouble? Left all alone in the world, not a relative or friend to care for me, nobody and nothing to depend upon — and God has raised up fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers, for me, and friends almost without number, to care for me and supply my wants, and has honored and blessed me with the companion-

ship and love of many of his most precious children.

"'With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation.' Yes, He has lengthened out my days to almost fourscore years, and I can say, 'even down to old age He has carried me,' and He has 'shown me His salvation' every day of all these years of my long pilgrimage. Oh, how wonderful his goodness!"

CHAPTER V.

JOY IN GOD.

"Rejoice evermore; pray without ceasing; in everything give thanks." 1 THESS. v. 16–18.

NO one who had any acquaintance with the dear saint whose character we are portraying, could doubt her deep spirituality and her joyous experience.

Prayer was not an occasional service, much less a duty, only performed to satisfy conscience. Her life was one of constant communion with God. The abiding comfort and exceeding joy of such a life can be understood only by those who have a like experience. It makes every circumstance and event, even the most trivial, bright with the touch of a loving Father's hand.

One day, in converse with her about the riches of grace and the joys of salvation, she broke forth in holy exultation: "Oh, how great is Thy goodness which Thou hast laid up for them that fear Thee, which 'Thou hast wrought for them that trust in Thee before the sons of men!' Surely 'He maketh my cup to run over' with blessings, and 'daily loadeth me with benefits!'

"You see," she continued, "I am poor, but I have everything I need, — not a want but what is supplied. I live here in this little room, and do for myself; but the dear kind friends send me so many things already cooked I don't have very much to do: just to make a little tea, and spread my table, and sit down with a grateful heart to partake of the bounties of my dear Father, sent me by His precious children. Tears of joy often flow from my eyes as I eat the good things before me, and I wonder at the great goodness of my God. I am like Paul, 'having nothing, yet possessing

all things.' Oh, it's wonderful, wonderful, how I am provided for all the time! I am so unworthy! To think my blessed Lord had not where to lay his head, and then to look at my comforts! I never feel a want, for my needs are all supplied before I begin to feel them. Why, I am as well off as the rich people."

"Yes," we replied, "and richer than they who have all that earth can give, and have not the grace that bringeth salvation."

"Ah, yes, indeed," she said, "I look upon such with pity, and ask God to show them how poor they are, that they may come to Him and get the true riches. Poor starved souls! they are living on husks, and when I think of the wonder of mercy that I am, how the Almighty arm reached down to the depths of sin and lifted me up, washed me in the cleansing Fountain, and put on my soul the spotless robe of His righteousness, oh, it is amazing! And then to think how He comes into this

little room and fills it with His glory, and makes it just like Heaven! I have to break forth in praises, and say, Halleluia to the Lamb who hath loved me and washed me in his own blood! Oh, I do love to praise and magnify His name!"

And truly she did "abundantly utter the memory of His great goodness" in all the interviews we had, and it was one of my richest privileges to listen to her as she talked of His wondrous love and tender mercies.

She often spoke of the remarkable providence of God in the supply of her physical wants, with deep feeling.

An incident was related to us by one of her kind friends, showing the tender care of her Heavenly Father, and the fulfillment of the promise, "The Lord will provide."

One day, when the friend alluded to had just risen from a sumptuous dinner, the thought occurred to her that some of these good things would be very acceptable to

Mother Munroe. Immediately she placed some of them in a basket, and hastened to the abode which she always felt it to be a privilege to visit.

Ascending the stairs, she met the dear feeble one, with her bonnet and cloak on, and a basket in her hand. Returning to her room, followed by her friend, she said:

"I was just going out to buy some things for my dinner."

The lady opened her basket and placed its contents on the table.

"There," said Mother Munroe, "you've brought me my dinner, and a turkey dinner too! with so many nice things — a loaf of home-made bread — just what I was wishing for. Well, well, it's wonderful! No, it isn't wonderful either, for it's just like my blessed Father. He told you to bring me my dinner to-day, for He knew I wasn't able to go and get things from the stores and bring them up so many steps, and then cook them, and I

would have been so tired that I wouldn't enjoy my dinner after all that, and so He put it into your mind to bring me these good things. As soon as I saw your head coming up the stairs, I thought, 'There, that dear good woman has brought my dinner. Father has sent her with it.' And, sure enough, He did! Thank His precious name, and thank you too, ever so much."

Thus was many a good dinner sent or brought her by those who loved to run on the Lord's errands and do the bidding of him who supplies all the wants of His children, and "crowneth them with loving-kindness and tender mercies."

After a good repast she would say:

"'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits.' 'Who filleth thy mouth with good things, so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.' 'Thanks and praise for all the blessings of His providence and grace!'"

She was accustomed to repeat, before partaking of her meals :

"I thank Thee, Lord, for this my food,
But more because of Jesus' blood.
Let manna to my soul be given,
The bread of life sent down from Heaven."

For several weeks before her last sickness her appetite had failed, and she craved acids in the form of jellies. So intense was her longing for something of that kind that she concluded to go out and try to procure some, when a kind sister came with a gift from her mother of just what she wanted. She looked at her smiling, and said :

"You precious child! How did your mother know I wanted this so much? I had just been asking the dear Lord for it, and here you are with it now. You see He put it into your kind mother's heart to send me just what I wanted. Oh, how good He is to me!" and then she thanked God with a full heart. She said to her friend: "I'm soon going home,

and I want you to do my work when I'm gone. The Lord will help you do it all. But don't dress as I do." Then she laughed, and said: "But I have a new bonnet that I have only worn twice. Will you have it and wear it?"

"I would, if the Lord wanted me to wear it," she replied.

"Well, He never would want you to do that. It was to kill my pride, you know, that I have dressed so."

She was not exempt from the assaults of Satan, but occasionally felt the cruel power of him who is called the accuser of the brethren. In reply to the question of a brother in the church, "Do you believe in a living personal devil?" she said:

"Yes, I know him well, and if I were to listen to him, and reason with him, I should not think I had any religion at all. What do you think the tempter told me the other day? Why, he said to me, 'You are no

Christian at all: you have been a hypocrite all these years.'"

The brother seemed much surprised that such a saint should be thus tempted, and said:

"Well, you know he is a liar, don't you, Mother Munroe?"

"Why, yes, to be sure I do. I don't listen to him a minute. I just look up and say, 'Father, Thou knowest,' and then go right on testifying, and that stops him."

One day, having accompanied Mother Munroe on one of her errands for the Lord, I returned with her to her home, and discovered that it was with great difficulty she ascended the stairs, stopping frequently, panting, and leaning against the banister. I asked her to let me assist her, taking hold of her arm. She said:

"Oh, no, sissie dear, you can't help me; Father helps me. Why, I never in the world could get up these two flights of steps if He didn't help me. You see, I have the asthma,

and when this shortness of breath comes on me, I feel, sometimes, as if I could not get up to my room, if it was to save my life, and then I just look up and say, 'Dear Father, help me,' and He is always right by my side, you know, and then it seems as if He just takes hold of me and lifts me right up, step by step!"

I said: "Doubtless you are divinely helped; but I do think you should have a lower room, so that you would not have to make so great an effort, for it exhausts you so to go up the steps."

She replied: "Oh, it's all right, all right. I could not be with this dear kind family and have a lower room, because they cannot spare one, and I would not want to leave them, they are so good to me, and I have been with them so long. You know the Lord says, 'As thy days, so shall thy strength be,' and I find it so all the time. This complaint I have, that affects my breathing so, will take me away

some time, and I am trying to be all ready when Father says, 'Child, come home.'"

I said: "You are like the good old colored man, I think, who said, 'I's all packed up and ready, if my Master calls me, any time.'"

She smiled as she replied: "Yes, I believe I am. It don't matter much to me when the call comes. It is a wonderful thing for one like me to say so, but there has not been a time for many years that I could not say it. Not that I'm worthy to enter into that holy city,—oh, no! I have no righteousness of my own. I'm a poor vile creature by nature; but Jesus saves me by His precious blood. Yes, his blood has made me clean."

"Dear Mother Munroe," I said, "you can adopt the language of the prophet Isaiah, 'I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God; for He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, and covered me with the robe of righteousness, as a bridegroom decketh himself with ornaments, and

as a bride adorneth herself with her jewels.'" (Isaiah lxi. 10.)

"Yes," she said, "but 'tis —

"'Jesus' blood and righteousness;
My beauty are, my glorious dress.'"

And truly she was thus clothed, and decked with the jewels of heavenly graces. How brilliantly they shone, all who had intercourse with her and heard her conversation seasoned with grace, could testify. Those who lived in the same house have given the strongest testimony of her Christlike spirit and blameless life. Had she been their own mother, they could not have evinced greater respect and regard for her. She had been with that kind and estimable family nearly twenty-five years, and, having daily intercourse with her, they well understood her spirit and life. By one of them this tribute was given: "I never knew anything in Mother Munroe that was inconsistent with her Christian profession."

CHAPTER VI.

ZEAL FOR THE TRUTH.

"Stand ye in the ways and ask for the old paths, which is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls." JER. VI. 16.

WITH charity large enough to include in her hearty fellowship all who loved the Lord Jesus, a Christ-like spirit which won the hearts of Christians of every name, Mother Munroe yet had positive opinions in regard to scripture truth. These she expressed on fitting occasions with becoming modesty, but in words which could not be misunderstood.

For everything which she thought bordered on fanaticism she had a special aversion.

A young Christian friend, in whose conversion she was instrumental, and to whom she

had been a nursing mother, having become influenced by some strange notions, one day said to her, "Mother Munroe, I have had some wonderful revelations, and have gained such a height in Christian experience! I'm far beyond you in the heavenly life."

"Ah! are you?" replied Mother Munroe. "Well, I'm very glad, my dear, that you are so far advanced, and I'll try to follow on and catch up to you; for I want to know all the heights and depths of the love of God."

Thus the arrogant assumption of the one who thought herself so far beyond the aged saint was more effectually reproved by the meek and humble reply than it would have been by the severe rebuke which was really deserved.

In giving counsel to a young brother, whom God had signally blessed, and who was being exposed to influences which she feared might lead him astray from the narrow way, she related the dream in the foregoing chapter as

an admonition to "keep right straight," as she said, "in the middle of the path, and not step an inch aside, for there is no safety in swerving the least from the straightforward line marked out by the Bible."

"Go straight on," she said, "straight on, — not turning to the right or to the left; go on testifying for Jesus, working for Him with all your might, and let all these new things alone" (referring to some new theories and ideas set forth by some who seemed very devout but had evidently imbibed fanatical notions, and were drawing young Christians into the snare). "Keep," she urged, "your eyes singly fixed on Jesus, and study diligently the Christian's chart, as your only safety in these dangerous seas, where rocks and whirlpools abound.

"'Looking unto Jesus'

must be your motto, my dear children; while you look at Him you will never go astray. Satan and all his legions cannot hurt you

while you trust in Him alone, but if you follow these new-fangled things and strange notions that you don't find in your Bible, you'll be wrecked, as sure as you live. Don't run after these new lights. Run after Jesus; go where you know He is, and I'll promise you that you'll never be disappointed. Never!"

Thus she faithfully admonished and guarded the young Christians, many of whom resorted to her room as a favored and hallowed spot, where their hungry souls were fed, and they gained strength to pursue their heavenward course. A "nursing mother" she was indeed, and to her faithful instructions and watchful care the church and the world are indebted for some burning and shining lights in the ministry, who have won many souls to Christ; some of whom have finished their course, having kept the faith, and have gone to reap their everlasting reward on high. Some are now on the walls of Zion — faithful, devoted, and successful in the great work —

who attribute their preparation for the ministry and their entrance upon that work, with their success, in a large measure to the sainted one, of whom they speak with the greatest veneration.

The following article from the pen of Mrs. Phœbe Palmer, which appeared in *Zion's Herald* very soon after the death of Mother Munroe, will be in place just here.

"MOTHER MUNROE AND THE PERFECTIONIST.

"'We are not ignorant of his (Satan's) devices.'

"I love to think of Mother Munroe, who, after a sojourn of about eighty years in and around Boston, recently passed away so triumphantly to paradise. Everybody who knew this good mother in Israel, knew that she was a woman of symmetrical, sturdy piety. That she long professed to love God with all her heart, or, in other words, to live in obedience to the first great command, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart, soul, mind, and strength,' no one of the hundreds that knew her need to be told. And when we think of our Lord, who has

loved us with all His great heart of infinite love, strange indeed that any one redeemed with His blood should ever think of loving Him with less than all the powers of soul, mind, and spirit.

"But though Mother Munroe professed to enjoy the blessing of perfect love, she abhorred, as all good people should do, the doctrine technically called 'perfectionism.' Once she received a visit from an errorist of this stamp, who has done, and we fear is still doing, much harm to the cause of true heart-holiness. Let us remember Satan has his counterfeits. And how like a true bill may a well-executed counterfeit appear! But it is a suggestive thought that no one would ever be at pains to counterfeit notes on a bank of bad repute. Yet, such is the exceeding subtlety of Satan, that the most devoted and earnest disciple may be ensnared by his devices, without the most careful reliance on God for wisdom, and a minute observance of the direction of the written Word. The danger of being beguiled by teachers whose theories may not be in entire conformity with the written Word, is obviously set forth in the following conversation between the one that would be a spiritual guide and Mother Munroe.

"'Would you be willing to sin, if God required it?' said the Perfectionist.

"'No, indeed,' quickly responded Mother Munroe.

"'Then you are not entirely dead, or you would be willing to do anything that God wants you to do,' said the subtle reasoner.

"'God never wanted anybody to sin. He hates sin,' responded Mother Munroe.

"'Why not be willing to sin, if it would be for the glory of God?' exclaimed the reasoner in an expostulating tone.

"'No! no! no! It could not be for the glory of God! God never wanted any one to sin.'

"So exclaimed Mother Munroe, while a feeling of abhorrence possessed her soul, in view of being thus assaulted by Satan. She plainly saw that the subtle reasoner would fain, as an angel of light, have infused into her soul the doctrine of devils, and her righteous spirit was vexed in view of the boldness of the attack.

"Not quite satisfied with the repulse, and tenacious in yielding, the reasoner continued his questionings.

"'Do you ever have any evil thoughts?'

"Mother Munroe replied, that wicked thoughts were sometimes suggested to her mind, but she resisted them by prayer.

"He replied, 'This is evidence that you are not

yet dead. If you had wicked thoughts, they would not be from the devil, for the devil never has anything to do with the soul that is entirely dead.'

"He then went on to descant on his own experience, and stoutly maintained that Satan had not had anything to do with him during the past fifteen years.

"Mother Munroe, perceiving that he who would be her instructor had already been led far in error by his ignorance of Satan's devices, was deeply grieved in spirit. She knew he imagined that he had been led into a higher state, of which he said she might not know until she had also reached the same point, and well knowing how vain her efforts in teaching him would be, she with an air bespeaking dubiousness and sorrow, shook her head significantly, and said, 'I don't know about that!'

"With a look of complacency, sad indeed to witness, this would-be teacher of religion remarked, 'Once *you* were my teacher, but now I am your spiritual teacher.'

"And thus, in his self-sufficiency and assumption of superior spiritual knowledge, he turned away from one who had indeed exercised in former years a motherly supervision over him in spiritual things.

"Little do we know, after having once become ensnared by the subtleties of the deceiver, how far and how rapid we may proceed in error. How passing strange that one should go so far as to imagine he could sin to the glory of God, when God by His Word declares that He cannot look upon sin with allowance. Yet, so it was. This errorist had been so far deluded as to imagine that though he had not sinned for fifteen years, and indeed could not sin, yet God for His own glory might do things in him, and by him, which by those not in this higher (?) state might be regarded as sinful.

"Surely this is in no ordinary degree a doctrine of devils. What more could Satan desire than that professed Christians assume the ground that they may sin for God's glory. But in what awful terms does the God of the Bible denounce those that assume this ground. 'He that committeth sin is of the devil!' 'The soul that sinneth, it shall die!' But says the errorist, 'He that is born of God cannot commit sin'—though the act may appear in semblance sinful to those in a lower (?) state, yet in the sight of God they are all His own acts, for 'He doeth the work.' And what a strange perversion of scripture is here. God who has said, 'Thou

shalt not kill,' has with equal authority said, 'Avoid all appearance of evil.' God is not tempted with evil, neither tempteth He any man. What a scandal on the pure doctrines of Christianity did Paul regard the slanderous reportings of those who proclaimed it as one of the sayings of the early Christians, 'Let us do evil that good may come.' So exceedingly injurious to the pure cause of Christ did he regard it, that he pronounced the damnation of such just.

"And how should such doctrines be regarded by those who adhere to the blessed doctrine of Christian holiness? Shall we, who believe that the express object for which our Saviour endured the cross was to save His people from their sins, have our forces weakened by a semblance of fellowship with such doctrines? . . . . The Bible speaks of no 'higher' way, but it teaches the necessity of constant *progression in* the way of holiness. Neither do the Scriptures give us any authority for the belief that the Holy Spirit will lead us into any 'third,' or higher state than may be plainly inferred from the Bible. For one to imagine that the Holy Spirit will lead into a state where he will not need to repeat the Lord's Prayer, or beyond which the teachings of the Word may not be specially needful, or lead

him into a state or belief for which an explicit 'thus saith the Lord' may not be given is erroneous. And wherever such a device has obtained, whether among ministry or laity, we fearlessly, in the name of the Lord, pronounce it a device of Satan."

In reference to the fanaticism alluded to, a young Christian whom Mother Munroe had taken under her protecting wing, and who was in danger at one time of being led away by that delusion, thus writes of her solicitude in that matter:

"She was greatly concerned about the conduct and teaching of those who had imbibed strange and mystical views of some of the most blessed truths of the Gospel, and had wrested the meaning of God's Word in many instances. In speaking of those errors, her heart would seem almost breaking with grief that they should thus abuse the precious revelation of God. Carrying the doctrines of the leadings of the Spirit and other important teachings to an extent unwarranted by inspiration, *i. e.*, being governed by impressions irrespective of the Word and often in opposition

to its plainest doctrines and commands, and utterly ignoring common sense and judgment."

"Reason and common sense," she said, "were given to us by God, and to be used by us all the journey through. I have used mine," she added, "always, and intend to as long as I live. Our common sense is a faculty of the mind, and, if sanctified by grace, can be used for His glory and our good." Shaking her finger in her characteristic manner, she would say to us, "Now you be sure to use your judgment and common sense. God wants you to, and He won't be pleased if you don't; but mind, you must always bring everything to the test of the Word, and whatever don't agree with the Word can't be right."

Her class leader, Hon. J. Sleeper, said of her: "She was born with an uncommon amount of good common sense, and she used it all the way through."

A person, once speaking in a meeting where

Mother Munroe was present, said, "The Lord bids me say I am a saint! I am His saint."

Mother Munroe was shocked, and raising her hands, exclaimed to the sister at her side, "The Lord have mercy on her! She had better wait for others to say that of her."

In speaking afterwards of high professions, she remarked: "Those who are really sanctified are not forward to say it in promiscuous assemblies of people; and they do not say, 'I am a saint,' or 'I am holy,' but they show it by their lives, and their spirit. They don't seek to exalt themselves, but to hold up Jesus before the world. When people want to call attention to themselves, it is not a good sign."

CHAPTER VII.

ACTIVE SERVICE.

"She hath done what she could." — MARK XIV. 8.

OF Mother Munroe's work for the blessed Master much might be said.

Her faithful attendance upon all the social as well as public means of grace, was remarkable. Even when the infirmities of age, and great feebleness, and difficulty of breathing, caused by an asthmatic affection, from which she suffered many years, rendered it a hard task to walk from her home to the church. She was always found in her place, unless very ill, and she invariably took part in the services of prayer or testimony. Thousands have been impressed with the force and appropriateness of her words on such occasions.

Not less remarkable than her more public labors, and perhaps even more to the glory of God, were those in a more humble sphere. Of the amount of her work among the sick and the poor, and especially those who were overlooked by others, many of whom might have been regarded as hopeless cases, no estimate could be made.

And her visits to her Christian friends, also, in which her conversation and her prayers were heavenly benedictions, should be numbered among her works for Jesus; for the sweet savor which they always left in the household circle caused them to feel that hers were like angel visits, to be hailed as richest blessings. In her sweet unobtrusive way, she threw around the subject of religion such attractive charms as won many a youthful heart to Christ.

Of the many conversions in which she was instrumental, thoroughness was an evident characteristic. They were not "as the morn-

ing cloud and the early dew," but steadfast and abiding.

So richly endowed with spiritual wisdom, she was eminently qualified for the work of bringing souls to Christ, and establishing Christians in the higher life; and never was one more successful, or more highly esteemed as a Christian worker. With the greatest reverence she was looked up to and consulted as a counselor in things pertaining to the Kingdom of God and the salvation of souls, and seldom did a day pass without visits from some who sought her counsel and prayers. Of those there were many of other denominations, for her "praise was in all the churches," and all seemed to claim her in common as a Christian counselor and friend.

"Poor, yet making many rich," was exemplified most beautifully by Mother Munroe in her ministrations to the bodies and souls of the poor and sick and sorrowful ones, whom she sought in her daily walks.

Some of her friends who possessed an abundance of worldly goods, were in the habit of sending her many comforts and dainties, knowing that her feeble health and limited means prevented her from providing for herself such food as her delicate appetite required. So she often had more than she really needed for herself. Her purse, also, was frequently filled by the generosity of her numerous friends ; and one especially, whose noble heart is ever prompting acts of benevolence, always looking after the aged saint, never allowed her to want for money. Thus was she permitted to enjoy herself the luxury of doing good, by bestowing upon others of her bounties.

Daily, when the weather and her health permitted, was she seen wending her way to some humble dwelling, with her hands and heart full to gladden the sad inmates, liberally dispensing to the needy both physical and spiritual comforts.

Then returning to her own little room, with a heart overflowing with grateful love, she would bow down to "thank Father," as she said, "for so good a home, and so many comforts, and for the sweet privilege of helping the destitute, and telling them of the great Saviour and the great salvation."

"Freely ye have received, freely give," she would often repeat; and in dispensing the gifts of God's providence and grace, how richly she enjoyed the multiplied tokens of His favor, so that her glad heart was always overflowing with praise to Him "who daily loadeth us with benefits." "The language of praise was continually in her mouth;" and it was a rich spiritual feast to a soul full of love to Christ, to listen to her recitals of His great goodness.

So abundant were the comforts of Divine love in her heart, that it was her greatest delight to "comfort them that were in any trouble, with the same comfort wherewith she

herself was also comforted of God." Her heart was a living fountain, and from it flowed rivers of water to revive and cheer the sorrowing. And many such found relief in her sweet ministries of love.

She had herself drank often from sorrow's bitter cup, and knew well how to sympathize with the afflicted; having found in the Great Physician a healing balm for every heart-wound, she knew how to direct the stricken ones to the unfailing source of healing power. She seemed to possess a wonderful art, or spiritual tact, in adapting her counsels to the necessities of every case.

She possessed a remarkable degree of discernment, or spiritual perception, of the peculiar condition and needs of those who came to her for instruction and aid. As a skillful surgeon probes the wound when he discovers corruption, and thus temporarily increases the suffering of the patient in order to effect a thorough cure; so she would sometimes find

it needful to give pain that the health of the soul might be perfectly restored.

When one came to her with a burdened and sorrowful heart, she would endeavor to ascertain the cause, and if she found that iniquity was regarded in the heart, she was not slow to say:

"The Lord will not hear thee until it is put away."

And although sometimes her plain dealing seemed severe, yet so evidently was it prompted by love, that the delinquent was compelled to say, "Faithful are the wounds of a friend."

She had a singularly happy way of conveying reproof, one of the most difficult of the Christian duties.

Discovering in a sister a spirit of self-seeking in her efforts to do good, she very lovingly remarked:

"You are too ambitious to do good, my dear child."

The spirit impressed the words; the sister's

eyes were opened to see her fault, and from that time she sought the death of self.

One thing was very noticeable, her entire freedom from censoriousness, and the utmost charity in speaking of church-members whose practices were wholly opposed to her ideas of right and propriety, and she manifested a faithfulness always softened by love.

CHAPTER VIII.

INTEREST IN YOUNG PEOPLE.

"Jesus said unto him, Feed my lambs."
JOHN XXI. 15.

MOTHER MUNROE'S special interest in young people attracted many to her, and she delighted to "take the dear ones under her wing," as she said, and called them her children. Her tender regard was reciprocated, and they looked up to her as to a mother. A number of young men were among those who shared her interest and solicitude. Through her influence and prayers they were brought into a life of entire devotion to God, and a number of them, afterward, were called to the gospel ministry.

It was evidently made known to the faith-

tul mother that the Lord of the Vineyard had need of "her boys," as she called them, even before they had intimated it to her, and she would corroborate the evidence that the call was divine. "The secret of the Lord" was revealed to the devoted one, who walked in such intimate fellowship with Him.

One of those, concerning whom she was thus instructed, was a lawyer of Boston, who was soon after his conversion brought under her influence, and numbered among her "precious boys."

In a letter concerning her he thus writes:

"The urgent appeals and prayers of Mother Munroe were among the four contributing causes that led me to enter the ministry. For three years that dear saint continued to plead with me, and for me, with a faith and persistency which finally lêveled all opposition, and made me yield. Time and again she invited me to her sanctum and bade me get down on my knees in humble submission, and ask mercy and guidance of Him whom pride and self-will had caused me to disobey.

"How sweetly she talked to me of purity of heart! Full salvation was her favorite theme, and this, she said, would make me a willing and obedient child. She told me, on one occasion, that I had 'given her more anxiety than all the others for whom she had prayed;' but, she added, 'the Lord has heard my prayer, and I have received the evidence that you are to preach full salvation, just as you find it in the Bible.' After three years of hesitation, deliberating as to whether the Lord had really called me to so holy a service, God answered those fervent prayers in full, and in His great mercy and love brought me into the Vineyard, where I am permitted to work with a willing and glad heart.

"One year before that saintly mother passed away I received a letter from a presiding elder of Vermont, offering me a charge. Immediately I hastened to my good counselor and read it to her, and before I had finished the last lines she said, 'You go; now you mind! Don't be a naughty child any longer. Pray tell me what you mean? Do you want to be pulled into the pulpit? Don't you know what a call means? There is an open door, and the Lord Jesus Christ bids you enter. Now, go along!'

"Still I hesitated; then a second letter came

from the same elder. Still delaying, the elder journeyed all the way to Boston for me, and after considerable persuasion on his part, and repeated urging from Mother Munroe, I consented, reluctantly, to go. She was in ecstasies over my decision; she laughed and cried, and then fell prostrate before God, saying, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul! I knew Thou wouldst answer my prayers; now, Lord, keep the adversary away from him.'

"I was to leave Boston on the 13th of December. On the previous evening I stood at the dying-bed of the venerable saint. Stricken with paralysis, she could hardly give utterance to any coherent expression. She attempted to speak to me. I listened with eagerness to catch the last utterances of the precious lips which had so often instructed and blessed me. She opened her eyes, and fixing them upon me, with a countenance all radiant with holy joy, she said distinctly, 'Go to Vermont.' She could say no more. Those were her last words to me.

"Dear Mother Munroe! Never shall I forget her ministrations of love to me. Every line of that dear old face is doubly precious to me now; every word from her lips has a wondrous meaning and sweetness. Thank God her prayers for me were answered!

"When satan assails me the memory of her faithfulness and solicitude in my behalf seem as the talisman to charm and keep me beneath the cleansing blood that for more than fifty years kept her so pure."

This minister's labors have been crowned with wonderful success. Over one hundred souls were given him the first year as seals to his ministry, and the succeeding years have also been marked by the salvation of hundreds more. Mother Munroe was not mistaken in regard to his call, nor in her strong and persistent efforts to induce him to be obedient to that call.

Another, who is now pastor of a church in the vicinity of Boston — a graduate of Boston University, and a beloved and successful minister of Christ — was among the favored ones called by Mother Munroe "her boys."

His high appreciation of her saintly character, and of her influence over him, is expressed in the following letter:

"Of all my thoughts concerning the sainted one, I was impressed with one above all others, and that was her unvarying humility. She was verily 'clothed with humility.' She never exalted herself. Her life was hid with Christ in God. It was my privilege to visit her quite often; and how sweet are the memories of that little upper room! I seem to see her now, sitting there with the Bible in her hands, feeding her soul with the Bread of Life. I remember going in one day and seeing on her wall the day's motto, 'Lo, I am with you always.' I called her attention to it as a most precious legacy. She expressed her appreciation of it, and truly was it evident that she walked in the enjoyment of it. She never allowed me to go away, unless something special occurred to prevent, without prayer. In those seasons of devotion, God graciously met the babe in Christian experience, and the devoted mother, and made our hearts to burn within us, as Jesus Himself talked with us.

"The one theme above all others was Christ and His power to save from sin; and how earnestly did she beseech God in those hours of prayer that I might be clothed with power from on high, to preach the full gospel, and to hold

up the old Methodist standard of 'entire Sanctification.'

"How many times was I counseled in perplexities, and comforted in difficulties, by the 'word spoken in season' from the lips of that saintly mother, who so tenderly nursed and instructed me in my early Christian life! Her memory will ever be fresh and fragrant in my heart."

CHAPTER IX.

ANSWERED PRAYER.

"If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done," &c.
MATT. 18. 19.

ANOTHER young man whose life was brief but very useful, Allen Kirkland, was one who was indebted greatly to Mother Munroe, for her prayers and influence. An intimate friend of hers, and also of the young man, states that she was one night awakened out of sleep with the words, "Arise quickly, and pray with faith for Allen Kirkland." She did so, and afterward wrote him a letter relating to him the singular circumstance. He was then in Nova Scotia. On the

following morning she went up and talked with Mother Munroe, who, some time before this had joined her in prayer for the young man. She remarked:

"Well, dear child, you and I have been praying that his faith fail not, but he must preach."

Her friend said: "But you know he does not think the Lord wants him to preach or he does not understand his call."

Mother Munroe replied:

"But you know he is not willing to preach, and the Lord does want him; and mark my words, you will hear from him about this very soon. You have prayed in earnest for him, and so have I. We are one in heart with the Lord in this. We all want him to preach Jesus Christ in all His fullness. We have held him by faith; you have received the evidence, and so have I, and he must preach or die. Let us pray," she said; and she did pray with

power, and a great blessing came upon them. Rising, she said :

" Our dear boy will have a great struggle, but God will have the victory, and he will preach. I am sure of it. But he has a strong will, and a great deal of pride. Poor boy ! he has no father or mother to direct and comfort him, and the dear Lord holds us more responsible for him. Now, let us continue to pray in earnest for him, and let me know as soon as you get the answer to your letter."

The return mail brought the answer as follows :

" I knew you were both praying for me ; and that very night when you were awakened out of sleep and told to pray for me, I spent in great agony, upon the floor, alone with God in a strange place. Oh, such a night ! God only knows. He showed me myself. I found I was not willing to preach. Oh, the pride of my poor mean heart. But Jesus was my advocate, and I was in the hands of my God. I felt I must be willing to preach, or die and be lost forever. Oh,

that sight of my dying Saviour on the cross! It nearly killed me. In the deep agony of my heart I cried out, 'My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?' A shock of Divine power prostrated me — it was the same that awoke you so suddenly — and I lay as a dead man, and knew no more till the sun was shining brightly in my face, next day. I tried to get up, but my strength was gone. How I did pray and praise God for a sane mind after that awful agony!

"Yes, I will preach, though Satan and all the world oppose. But you see, my days are numbered, and are but few. (He seemed to have a presentiment of the brevity of his life.) But souls, as seals to my ministry, I will have.

"Tell Mother Munroe I believe that one of her prayers will save even me. Oh, thank God for that holy woman! Tell her I know she has power with God in prayer. Ask her to continue praying for me."

On hearing this letter read, she wept, and laughed, and praised, and her face shone with joy.

The dear young man did preach, and won very many souls for Jesus. The following

summer, at Hamilton camp-meeting, he consecrated himself, body, soul, and spirit, fully to God, and received a new baptism from on high. Having requested several Christian friends to pray for him, he retired to the grove to talk alone with God, and after being absent about two hours, returned to the tent, with his face shining as did the face of Moses when he came from the Mount. He talked to the people with great power, for some time. The following day he spent in personal conversation, and appeals to the unsaved. In the evening the tent would not contain the throng that came to hear him speak. The tent-curtains were thrown up, and a multitude outside listened to his powerful appeal. The mighty influence swept over them as a rushing wind, moving and subduing the hardest hearts. Placing his hand upon some young men, who came to make fun, he talked to them till they were melted to tears and contrition, and kneeling between

them, he did not leave them until they were converted.

On Friday he left the camp, purposing to go to Windham, and when the train stopped he arose and said:

"I must go back to the camp, for unsaved souls are there."

He was strongly urged to stay at Windham and attend the prayer-meeting that evening, but he said:

"No, I must go back."

He walked back to the camp. The camp-meeting had closed, but many people remained on the ground. He rang the bell, calling them together at the stand, and there preached a sermon which brought many souls to Christ. Among them were fifteen young men, truly converted, who promised to work for the Lord, and meet him in heaven.

On the following Saturday evening he came to the prayer-meeting at the house of a friend, in Boston, full of the Holy Ghost

and of power. All in the room were melted by his testimony, and gave glory to God for the Divine influence that attended his words.

He afterward preached in Rockland, Maine, where he had great success in the salvation of souls. He spent the remnant of his life — which was only a few years — in earnest work for God. There being an extensive revival in Rockland, he over-worked, and, from exposure, took cold, which developed the insidious disease, consumption, the seeds of which had already been planted in his frame, and resulted in his death at about twenty-four years of age. He lived and died in the consciousness of God's saving power. Having passed to his rest in heaven in advance of Mother Munroe, he was among the number of her dear ones, of Bromfield Street church, whom she doubtless greeted as they came to bid her welcome home, on the evening she departed to the better land.

Allen Kirkland was one of the seven young

men, of that church, whom she dearly loved in the gospel, and tried to train for the ministry of Christ, by leading them into the fullness of the great salvation. It was impressed on her mind, evidently by the Holy Spirit, that those young men ought to preach the gospel, and she pleaded with God for them, until they were filled with the Spirit, and responded to the Divine call. They called her "the living witness for God to them."

She said to a sister, at one of her visits :

"I want to know how the loved ones are getting along? I mean those that must, and will, preach the blessed gospel. You know who they are. Tell me if all is well with them, for you know the Lord's little ones love to help each other on." Calling them each by name, she said, "God bless them!"

One of them was away sick; she gave her some money to send him, but she enjoined her to say nothing about the giver to him.

"Promise me that you will not," she said.

"for the Lord does His own work, and the world should know nothing about it. If we say we give so and so, the Lord has nothing to do with it, and true believers do not desire to make known what they do. Say nothing to him, the Lord will tell him all about it."

That was the way she always did, acting upon the Divine injunction, "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth."

She inquired specially concerning the last one whom the Lord had called to preach, who had passed through deep affliction in the loss of his entire family by one of the terrible Western fires. She said: "None but God can know how dear he is to my heart, precious child! God is going to make him a great power; I shall not live to see it, but you will see him stand forth in great strength for Chirist, for he is His own chosen one. Worldly riches and fame were set before him, for he was preparing for the law, and wealthy relatives had offered him gifts, but he chose

Christ and poverty, the gospel ministry and persecution, and he has great gain, for the promise is, "All these things shall be added."

God has honored him already, since her departure. Her prophetic declaration is being fulfilled in a most wonderful manner, and many souls have been saved through his instrumentality. He is now preaching in the city of Boston, (1880,) and has found fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers, in the place of those he had lost, proving how certain is the fulfilment of God's promises, and how safe are His children in depending upon His word.

Mother Munroe used to say, with such confidence, "His word can't fail. It's tried and sure; you may rest your all upon it, for time and for eternity, and you will never be disappointed, — no, never, never!"

In conversation she often indulged in pleasantry, which made her attractive to young people, and a great favorite with chil-

dren. Often witty and humorous in her remarks, she occasioned merriment among the young, and her presence was welcomed by them. The little ones, when they saw her coming, would run with glee to their mothers, saying — "There comes Mother Munroe! I'm so glad!" She always greeted them with smiles and kind words. There was so much of sunshine in her soul that it shone in her face, which, with her loving, cheerful words, spread gladness wherever she went. Thus she invested religion with charms which caused, in many a heart, strong desire to enjoy that which made Mother Munroe so happy, and her life so beautiful. Her manner of presenting religion was so winning that the young would listen with interest, and her appeals to them were never irksome.

A young student, among the many who were recipients of her counsels, and subjects of her prayers, gives the following:

"Mother Munroe was always well informed of the events of the day, and I used to enjoy her comments upon them, and soon fell in the way of calling upon her frequently. I never knew a person as old as she who manifested so much interest in current topics.

"I received from that excellent woman much religious advice and encouragement. Whenever doubts or questionings arose in my mind, I went to her, and her verdict settled the matter. To all the young people who knew her she was an oracle."

CHAPTER X.

THE PROMISES FULFILLED.

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."
PSALM XCI. 1.

"Because He hath set His love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known My name." PSALM XCI. 14.

THESE divine declarations were remarkably fulfilled in the case of Mother Munroe.

Persons of all classes seemed to feel a kind of reverence for her, and every one was ready to do her an act of kindness. I said to her, "You seem so feeble, I almost wonder you go out to the evening meetings. I should think for you to go about alone would be really unsafe."

"Why, Father takes care of me," she replied. "He puts it into the hearts of people, as I pass through the streets, to help me along. When I go to cross over a street, some kind gentleman, seeing the decrepit old woman tottering along, steps up to me and helps me across; or some clever policeman takes hold of my arm and escorts me over. And if I get into a car, the conductor is always kind in helping me in and out of the car so carefully, and often takes me to the sidewalk, and they treat me as respectfully as if I was a princess! When I go out of the church, at the close of the night meetings, some good brother takes me to the car and helps me in, and I always get home safely."

The greatest respect was shown her by ministers and members of other denominations, as well as those of her own church. Even those who did not see eye to eye with her in her views of some Bible doctrines,

acknowledged that she walked with God, and bore the image of Jesus. And the more spiritually-minded revered and loved her, esteeming it a privilege to learn of her concerning her blessed and deep experience in the way of holiness.

A company of devout Christian ladies, of different denominations, held a weekly union meeting at the residence of one of their number, an excellent lady of the Baptist church. Being invited to meet with them soon after my arrival in Boston, I enjoyed those precious privileges during the three years of my residence there, and found them rich and blessed means of grace. At those meetings Mother Munroe was a regular attendant. I often observed that when that plain bonnet made its appearance, entering the door, many faces would light up with smiles; and one would whisper to another, "There comes dear Mother Munroe!"

Those ladies were nearly all in the higher

circles of society, many of them wealthy, and possessing superior culture and refinement; and yet they looked with admiration and reverence upon that plain little form, in her humble, old-fashioned attire, as an embodiment of all that was excellent, as a model of pure gospel religion, catching her words with eagerness, as if they were priceless gems to be treasured up in their hearts. None were more welcome in the assemblies of the saints, or in the homes of Christians; none more honored and esteemed, however elevated their position.

What was the wonderful charm that won all hearts to that lowly Christian woman? It was the "mind of Christ," the spirit of love, and meekness, and gentleness, and goodness, shining forth in every look and word and act. It was the sacred unction of the indwelling Holy Spirit, burning in her words, and pervading her entire life.

An intimate friend of Mother Munroe,

Miss Harriet Sawyer, of Boston, writes as follows:

"Who can estimate the value of a life spent in communion with God? The gathering up of the incidents and experience of such a life would seem a blessed work. So uniform was the life of Mother Munroe, it might almost be said to be without incident; and yet could we gather the counsels and reproofs, the warnings and encouragements, the instructions and charities, the exhortations and benedictions of that saintly woman, for half a century, what a volume it would make! But God has kept the record.

"How remarkable was her faithfulness in every department of Christian duty! She neither feared the frowns nor courted the smiles of any. She was as faithful in giving reproof as in administering consolation. She would sit at the feet of the humblest, or rebuke wrong in the highest, if fidelity to her Master required it. She had firmness in a large degree, and faith that never wavered. Withal she had keen sensibilities. She was sensitive to remarks upon her experience, which she sometimes knew were made by the 'wise ones,' and yet she never

deviated from the simple testimony which the Lord gave her. And He honored the word given by her, and her fidelity to Him, in a remarkable degree.

"Who can tell the worth of one pure spirit to this world, so darkened by sin, so filled with sorrow, one like Mother Munroe, whose only care was to influence precious souls and serve the God of all grace? The weapons she used were effective, because they were from the gospel armory, and because there was no 'worldly wisdom' used by her in any of her work for souls and for Christ. Her watchword was, 'Looking unto Jesus.' She was schooled in the 'furnace of affliction,' and always had a fitting balm for a wounded heart. The simplicity of her language, and her appropropriate quotations from the Holy Scriptures, which were always on her tongue, never failed to impress every one in her presence. She was deeply imbued with humility. 'Not unto us, not unto us, but unto Thy name be glory,' was ever her heart-utterance. In our reference to Ephesians, 1st, 13th, and 14th, she expressed great pleasure. Of those precious words we often talked, and of other portions of God's Word, and sweet was our communion in the Beloved."

CHAPTER XI.

TESTIMONY.

"Ye are my witnesses."—ISAIAH XLIII. 10.

REV. DANIEL STEELE, D.D., furnishes the following sketch of Mother Munroe's testimony in Class Meeting, after forty-five years' experience:

"While I was pastor of Tremont Street church, Boston, in 1872, Mother Munroe, by my invitation, attended a class meeting, of which the pastor was leader.

"Her testimony made an inerasible impression on my mind.

"I had recently entered into the blissful experience of perfect love, and was choked by the scriptural terms, 'perfection' and 'sanctification,' and was timidly substituting for the words which 'the Holy Ghost teacheth,' such soft and

cross-evading phrases as 'the higher life,' and 'entire consecration.'

"The words which came from beneath that Quaker bonnet were an effectual rebuke of this weakness. With perfect composure she gave her testimony amid a company of fashionable Christian professors who had no theoretical or practical sympathy with the Wesleyan doctrine of evangelical perfection as a distinct blessing instantaneously received.

"She said, 'I was justified in the year 1820, [giving month and day.] Eight years afterward [giving the year, month, and day, as before] I was entirely sanctified, and I have ever since walked in the blessedness of this grace of perfect love.'

"I can recall no more of her testimony, except her answer to my question, whether she had not been in a backslidden state just previous to the time referred to, and had mistaken a renewal of justification for the experience of entire sanctification?

"She replied, 'No. I was not backslidden in the least at that time, but was conscious of spiritual growth, and aspiration after that state of grace which was not regarded by my people as attainable before death. For this reason I

left the Baptist Church and identified myself with Methodism, having there found full salvation through faith in the blood of the Lamb. I know that I was then entirely sanctified and all my spiritual foes cast out.'

"The impression made by this clear and unequivocal testimony to the power of the Holy Spirit to cleanse from all sin — actual and original — will go with me through the 'ceaseless cycles of eternal ages.' This testimony accounts for a life so saintly and so fragrant, that her name in Boston is 'as ointment poured forth.'"

A gentleman connected with the Congregational Church once said to her, "Tell me if you are wholly sanctified?"

"Why do you ask that question?" she said.

"Because it is a great puzzle to me," he replied. "I hear people say they are sanctified, and I don't believe they are. I never heard you say it, Mother Munroe, but I would believe you. Now, if there is such a state to be attained, I believe you enjoy it, and I ask you because I really wish to know."

With great humility she said, "Well, brother, I will get away down, and hide myself behind the cross, and looking up to Jesus, as His precious blood flows all over me, I can say, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth me from all unrighteousness,' and I am wholly sanctified."

He said, "Then you are the only one I know; but if it is my privilege, I wish to experience it."

"Well, now," she replied, "my brother, if you will get down behind the cross and let the blood flow over you as it does over me, then you can say it as well as I, and there will be two sanctified ones."

He said, "I do desire it above all things, and now I will seek it if you will pray for me."

They knelt in supplication, and the Holy Spirit came in its mighty power. The Cleansing Stream, indeed, flowed over that soul, and he arose, renewed in the divine image, to a new life, so beautifully expressed

in a stanza of a hymn composed by the sainted Mrs. Phœbe Palmer:

> "I rise to walk in Heaven's own light,
> Above the world and sin,
> With heart made pure and garments white,
> And Christ enthroned within."

From that glad hour he went forth to be a burning and shining light, and for a number of years has been shedding the lustre of a holy life in the city of Boston.

In speaking of her own attainments she evinced the most profound humility, always abasing herself and exalting Christ. In setting forth His saving power she must, of necessity, tell as a witness that her own heart had felt the cleansing efficacy of His precious blood; and her humble testimony, uttered with the greatest simplicity, was attended with sacred unction, and with irresistible power: and many a careless listener became impressed with the "gracious words which proceeded out of her mouth," for they were

heart-utterances, spontaneous and pure as the outflowing waters of a living fountain.

Her words were few, but they were weighty. They had power and point, because indited by the Holy Ghost. She was generally brief in her testimonies and prayers. In praying she seemed as if in familiar converse with a loving Father — pouring out her soul to Him in childlike simplicity and freedom, with perfect confidence and affectionate trust — His ear being open to her requests, His heart full of tender compassion and parental love, and her own heart expectant of the largest blessings from His bountiful hands. No wonder that

> "Heaven came down her soul to greet,
> And glory crowned the mercy-seat,"

when such a soul was in audience with the Deity, and that on others fell Heaven's sweet benedictions while she was pleading for them.

When her pastor saw her in her place at

church he felt that he had one to lean upon who was "mighty through God"; he knew her prayers were going up for him and for the divine blessing upon the service.

It would be impossible to estimate the good accomplished by that one humble woman, with her limited resources, without education, without position, without pecuniary means, and feeble in health. When we look for the secret of her power, and her marvelous success, we find it in the fact that she was "filled with the Spirit," "clothed with salvation as with a garment," armed with "the whole armor of God." And if so much was done by so humble an instrument, and under such unfavorable circumstances, what might be achieved by those who possess superior mental culture, influential position, and abundant means? Great responsibilities rest upon such. God holds them accountable for the good they might do if filled with the Spirit,

because that is their privilege in Christ Jesus, and it is a divine requirement.

If the Great Source of power, wisdom, grace, and love was available to Mother Munroe, he is equally available to all of God's children. Her Saviour is their Saviour. Her example is an encouragement to Christians in the lower walks of life, who feel themselves trammeled by poverty, want of education, and influence. Many of this class possess as much natural ability for usefulness as did Mother Munroe, yet excuse themselves from efforts to do good on account of their unfavorable position in life. Suppose that devoted one had thus excused herself, we can see how much the church and the world would have lost.

The responsibility as Christian workers does not, therefore, rest alone upon those who have wealth, education, and influence. By no means. If it be the endowment of power from

on high that fits us to be instruments for God to use, then that fitness may be obtained by any one who will seek it, and who presents him or herself "a living sacrifice unto God, holy and acceptable," and upon every one of us is the obligation resting with equal force. And it is "our reasonable service."

CHAPTER XII.

CHARACTERISTICS.

"Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

MATT. XI. 29.

ONE was impressed at first sight with Mother Munroe's *humility*. Often she spoke of her sense of "nothingness."

"Dear me, I am so weak and ignorant, and I feel sometimes as if I could not do a thing or say a word, — and then I remember the words to Paul, when he asked that the thorn in his flesh might be removed: 'My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness.' And I don't wonder that the apostle said, 'Most gladly therefore will I rather

glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me.'

"Oh, it is a wonderful thing for the power of Christ to rest upon a little worm! And then, God is glorified so much the more, too. If some great one — talented, and learned, and eloquent — shows that the power of God is upon him, he gets ever so much of the glory himself. But if a poor little one like me is filled with power from on high, everybody can see that it is not of the creature, but of God, and the glory is given to Him who only deserves it.

"And I am sure I don't want any of it. I know it don't belong to me, — no, no! not one bit of it; and I often feel as if I would like to get out of sight — be hid away somewhere. I do feel so little and worthless; but if my Jesus can be exalted by my weakness, then I will rejoice that I am permitted to show forth His strength, the more because I have none of my own. And I'm so glad

that I can, through his strength, do some good in this wicked world. Bless His name! it is my greatest delight to work for Him; and He does bless me so in all I say and do! He pours into my heart the comforts of His love, so that I often am ready to shout aloud His praises. Oh, He does pay well for all I do for Him. The devil's servants get poor pay, dreadful poor pay, but the Lord gives good pay. Oh, what grand rewards His servants receive! And yet the poor sinners will not believe it.

> 'Oh that they all would taste and see
> The riches of His grace.'

And the poor half-starved Christians, too — how I pity them! I do wish they would come to the table and eat and be satisfied. Such a feast Jesus has prepared, and invites them to come and 'eat and drink abundantly;' and yet so many stay away; and they are hungry, too, all the time — I know they are — and want the children's bread,

but will not come and get it! Sometimes they come under the table and gather up just a few crumbs, like the dogs, instead of sitting down with the children of the King and enjoying all the rich dainties. What a pity! oh, what a pity! No wonder they are all the time saying, 'Oh, my leanness! my leanness!'

"Sissie dear, you know how delightful it is to be with our Jesus and enjoy His sweet smiles. You know —

> 'His presence makes our paradise,
> And where He is, is heaven.'

"Some of the dear ones that profess to love Him don't understand these things. You see, they have not given themselves all up to God, — they are clinging to idols. Precious souls! I love them very much — some of them are so kind and good to me; but oh, how I do wish they loved Jesus more than they love the world. There is so much in these times to lead them away

from Christ — so many temptations! The fashions, and follies, and vanities of the world have crept into the Church! oh, it makes my heart sick. Why, you see how the very Satan himself gets into God's temple, and rules even a part of the worship. Just look at that quartette choir — opera-singers employed to sing God's praises in His house! Oh, how my soul is pained to see Him insulted in His own holy temple. I am praying, and I want you to help me pray, that the Church may be purged of all such iniquity. Oh, if Jesus was here in this world now and saw His temple so profaned, He would surely turn them out, as He did the buyers and the sellers in the temple at Jerusalem. You see, I open my heart freely to you about these things, for I know you and I are of the same mind, and we can't believe in mixing up the world with religion. They won't go together any way, no more than oil will mix with water.

"May God bring the world to see that Mammon cannot be served at the same time with the pure and holy One. That there is 'no agreement with the temple of God and idols,' — 'no fellowship between light and darkness,' — 'no concord of Christ with Belial.'

"Oh, let us kneel right down here and pray now that the Church may receive the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and that the Lord may 'purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works.'"

Decision was another marked feature of Mother Munroe's character. From the time of her entire consecration at Eastham camp-meeting she was never known to waver or hesitate in the path of duty as she saw it. If some thought her obstinate it was not strange, for compromise was a word not found in her vocabulary. But with unswerving fidelity to duty, there was so much of heavenly sweetness and love, that even those who differed from

her in opinion felt that firmness for right, and not self-will, made her decided in her opinions and conduct. But when convinced she was wrong, a frank and full acknowledgment was readily given, and her magnanimous and loving spirit shone forth with the greater lustre.

An illustration of this was given me by a brother in the church of which she was a member, and who, for a time, was teacher of a Bible class which she attended.

The teacher, being called to a different field of labor where he believed he would be more useful, stated to his class his intention to leave and take the superintendence of a Sabbath school in another church. He had won the affections of his class, and they all remonstrated against his giving up that work in which they believed God had made him very useful.

Above all the others, Mother Munroe most strongly insisted that he should not go, and persistently reasoned with him to show him

he would do wrong, and she believed God would be displeased with such a course, saying it could not be right for him to leave that class when he was doing so much good. He stated his own strong convictions that it was his duty and that he believed his usefulness would be increased by the change. She was so decided in her opposition that it gave him pain to act contrary to her views; but he did so, and she was much grieved. Months after he proved to her that his labors in the larger field had resulted in greater good. She said, "Ah, I see I was mistaken. Well, it was Betsy Munroe, you see, and not the Lord, that wanted you to keep the Bible class. I thought He would have you stay, but it was poor little self all the time, and it's just what you might expect from such a weak foolish thing to make such a blunder. I shall learn a lesson by this."

Next to her adored Redeemer and His Word was the church in her warm affections.

Anything that seemed an impediment to its prosperity pained her beyond expression. Any discordant element, or disagreement between members of the church was specially afflicting to her.

There was once some opposition manifested by several members of her own beloved church to one of their brethren, to whom she was strongly attached by Christian ties. Her heart was grieved beyond measure, and, in the warmth of her feelings, she expressed her deep sorrow with a degree of indignation at the spirit of bitter contempt exhibited toward him whom she considered blameless, and who had so stood before the church and the world for many years.

The remarks referred to were uttered in the presence of several of her friends, one of whom, in speaking afterwards of her excited manner and strong language on that occasion, said, "I think Mother Munroe was a little too severe. I had thought her faultless and had

often said, 'If there is no other example of perfect love, Mother Munroe is one.' But I find there is a little of human nature in her as well as in other people."

Could there not have been a feeling of holy indignation at what was really wrong? Might not her "righteous soul" have been "vexed" by that wrong, and an expression of her feelings have been given, in perfect accordance with purity of heart? In such a case may not a holy soul "be angry and sin not"? If there is a possibility of such a case, then why call in question her conduct, who "walked in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless"?

Not that the idea should be advanced that Mother Munroe was above the possibility of speaking unadvisedly with her lips, for doubtless she was subject to human infirmity and liable to err, as all human beings are in this imperfect state. Yet love to God and her race evidently filled and ruled her heart and life.

In the matter above referred to she was strongly inclined to lean to one side, and avowed her determination to do so. But just at that juncture she had a remarkable dream, which she believed God ordered, as she said, "to show her that she must not take sides."

THE DREAM, AS RELATED BY HERSELF.

"I saw before me a very narrow passage that I was required to go through. On each side of that narrow avenue was a red-hot iron wall. So extremely small was the space between the two burning walls that I thought I could not possibly pass between them without being scorched. But Jesus was standing at the entrance and said to me, 'You can pass safely if you will keep exactly in the middle of the path; but if you step the least bit to one side or the other, you will surely be burnt.' I said, 'Dear Saviour, I'll go if you say so.' He said, 'Go!' So I gathered my dress closely around me, and walked very carefully, as He had directed, and passed through unhurt."

She spoke of that dream with much feeling as an evidence of her Father's tender love to

her and to His cause, in admonishing her of danger which might have resulted in harm to her and to the church, had she not avoided it. Committing the matter to God in earnest supplication, she trusted that he would manage it and overrule all for good.

An incident characteristic of Mother Munroe was related by a friend.

The late Mr. Brett, whom many in Boston remember as a very happy Christian, in whose mouth was always the language of praise, was a friend of Mother Munroe, with whom she often talked of the good things of the kingdom.

One day hearing that "Brother Brett was going home," she said, "I must go right down to see how he feels about it." Hastening to his home she found him nearing the end of his life journey.

She said, "Well, Brother Brett, you are most through. You'll soon be home."

"Praise the Lord! praise the Lord!" he

said. "I should like to be there this afternoon."

"That will do; that's enough," she said, and bade him good-bye, and returning home, said, "He's all right. I expected to find him all ready for the kingdom. Bless the Lord!"

CHAPTER XIII.

LETTERS OF MOTHER MUNROE.

"I write these things, being absent."
2 Cor. xiii. 10.

IT could not be expected that one whose literary advantages had been so limited would devote much time to epistolatory correspondence. A few letters, however, have been preserved as precious relics of her special interest in some to whom she could not open her heart in any other way:

"Boston, October 27, 1867.

"My very Dear Sister James:

"Thinking of you to-day, I sit down to write you a few lines. You will believe me when I say I miss you more and more. Oh, those precious seasons enjoyed with you in prayer-meet-

ings and class meetings, and in conversation! Yes, I miss you! As face answers to face in water, so doth the heart of man to man.

"Not always do we find congenial spirits, no, not very often in this world. Well, I remember one meeting in your parlor, here in Boston, when you sang that verse:

"'The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to His foes.
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never, forsake.'

"Oh, how I wept! there was so much of the Holy Spirit in that singing. How many times I have wished I might have the privilege of seeing you once more; but we shall meet in heaven! glory be to God! My time is ebbing out. I have no family to bind me here. You have many dear ones that hang upon your lips, heart, mind, prayers and love. Yes, you have much to hold you here. I have naught but the church.

"'And part of them have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.'

"Oh, if the church is so dear to us here, what will it be there, to dwell together with the Lord, and nothing to disturb. No sin, no sorrow, no sickness, no death!

"'There the wicked cease to trouble,
There the weary are to rest.'

"Oh, what praise and adoration is due our dear Lord Jesus for the glorious provision He has made for us by His death on the cross! Salvation even here, in this vale of tears, and in the world to come life everlasting.

"As for myself, I feel the weight of years upon me, but am looking to see what I can do to promote the work of holiness. There is some inquiry among the young people for purity of heart. One young man came out as bright as a star. I think I never saw stronger evidence of the work of God. In giving his testimony he seems brimful and running over. He belongs to the Old South Church, and I hope he will be the means of a revival of religion there. He is at our church often, and it was in one of our meetings that he received the great blessing. It is a great favor that I can go to the meetings and be with the dear children of God, and talk to them of full salvation. I enjoy such sweet union with Christ! Oh, it is more than tongue can express — the sweet comfort and peace of the soul that is shut up in God!

"He has been so good in letting me live so long to see Him work, but I am longing to see a

glorious revival, that sinners may be saved. And if holiness prospers, sinners will be converted and backsliders will be reclaimed.

"And now I must close by asking you to write to me if your health will allow.

"May God bless you in soul and in body, and let you live long for a blessing to the church and to your family, is my sincere prayer.

"Your sister, in Jesus Christ,

"ELIZABETH MUNROE."

To Rev. J. D. Pickles.

July 29, 1871.

"VERY DEAR BROTHER:

"We are in dog-days, very sultry weather, now raining hard, thundering and lightning, manifesting the almighty power of our great God — He who said to Moses, 'I am that I am.' So I love to call our dear Heavenly Father the great Eternal 'I AM,' for He is the Great Eternal 'from everlasting to everlasting.' Our dear Lord Jesus is equal with Himself, and to prove that, He said, 'Let us make man in our own image.' How could He thus speak if it was not to Christ and the Holy Ghost? He who spake through the prophet and said, 'He was a stone cut out of the mountains without hands,' and it should roll and roll until it should 'fill the whole earth!'

Yes, He will fill the whole world with His glory and knowledge. Yes, He will take the rule, whose it is by redemption. Let us go into the garden and hear His groans, and see His agony, praying to His dear Father for you and for me, poor me! Yes, the weight of the world was upon Him. See the great drops of sweat mingled with blood, drop upon the ground! Oh, that dreadful hour! But the Father heard Him pray, and comforted and strengthened Him for His dreadful trial. Heaven was silent, and hell trembled; the earth shook, and the wicked were afraid, and confessed, 'Truly this was the Son of God.'

"Oh, how faithful preachers ought to be! I hope you will be one of the most faithful preachers in the world.

"And now I want to tell you how much the dear Lord Jesus has done for me, poor me. You know I have enjoyed the blessing of sanctification for forty-seven years. The Lord has lately blessed me with His more immediate presence. This is what I have been panting for, for years, and He has been offering it to me, but I did not fully understand it. 'Tis no more or less than His abiding, conscious presence, all the time, talking with me and baptizing me with His love, and telling me things that I did not know. Now, I

have no language to tell you, but your dear Heavenly Father will show you all you need if you are faithful.

"Oh, 'put on the whole armor.' Work for the Master, and He will pay you good wages.

"May you be a good harvester, and have many sheaves to bring into the garner, is the sincere prayer of

"Your unworthy sister,

"ELIZABETH MUNROE."

To the Same:

"June 18, 1872.

"MY DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST:

"Through great infirmity of body and mind, I will try to answer your kind and rich letter. Truly it was encouraging and comforting to my poor soul. I wanted to answer it before, but was not able. I find my writing-days are almost over. I love to answer such spiritual letters as yours have been of late. It is like comparing notes in our experience from day to day in the way of holiness; 'we see eye to eye;' 'as face answers to face in water, so does the heart of man to man.' As Jesus said, so say I, 'What I say unto you I say unto all; watch.'

"I have been often asked if I believed in a

living, personal devil. I answer, 'Yes; I know him well. He would deceive the very elect if it were possible;' but when we sink out of self, into God, 'enduring hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ,' knowing that He keepeth all who commit all to His care, we are safe.

"Oh, how God cares for us, poor little sensitive plants, even as a dear mother cares for her helpless babe! Yes, His eye is ever upon us, saving us from evil and danger, seen and unseen. Let us go into the Garden and see that Man of Sorrows, agonizing in prayer to His Father for you and for me, that we might be saved from ourselves, from the love of the world, from the opinions of others, whether saints or sinners.

"Yes, let them take my good name and treat it as they did my dear Master's name, and that will be good enough. Let me say, as He did, when on the cross he cried, 'Father, forgive them; they know not what they do.'

"He shed His blood for His Church, of which you and I are members. Cannot we stand and withstand all the fiery darts of the world, the flesh, and the devil, by His grace and love?

"Oh, you will need all the teachings of the Holy Ghost when you stand before hundreds

and thousands, listening, hanging on your lips; then you will remember the wormwood and the gall, and warn sinners to flee from the wrath of God, which awaits the wicked. Oh, may it be your highest ambition to labor for the glory of God in the salvation of souls! Declare the whole gospel of Christ—'holiness to the Lord.' May it ever be your motto: 'Without holiness no man can see the Lord.'

"I hope I shall hear you preach before I die.

"Your sister in Christ,

"ELIZABETH MUNROE."

To Rev. Mr. Folger.

"August 2, 1872.

"DEAR BROTHER:

"It is a very long time since I have attempted to write to any one, but I think it my duty to tell you how you appear to me.

"You appear like a child that would do right if you only dared to; but there stands a great monster in the shape of a preacher, or some mean caricature that Satan is harassing you with.

"Are you requiring more of God than you ought? If your dear Father should condescend to send you after a young man fast hastening to

ruin, would you go? What are you waiting for? Time is short! You fear that you have been mistaken in your calling. My dear brother, has not God spoken to you more than once — ay, twice; yes, thrice — and yet do you require more? If Paul had delayed in that way, he would have never heeded the sight the Lord so graciously gave him.

"Now, my dear brother, whilst looking and praying for you, I seemed to see the Lord holding you still by the hand, lest you should fall. I fear you are wasting time, and trying the Lord Jesus too much. Now, my dear child, I advise you to run, run! crying, 'Life! life! eternal life!' Do this, covenanting with your dear Father, with Jesus your Elder Brother, and with the Holy Ghost your Teacher. Can you want any more? Man is an erring creature. Take the Word of God and run, having respect to no man. Remember, time is passing! See those sinners running down to hell as fast as they can go; speak to them! I feel, as I write, that I would like to run and pull them out of the fire.

"Oh, let me hear you preach once before I go home! I believe God has called you to preach before thousands of souls. Go! and you will

be the means, in the hands of God, of saving tens of thousands. I have no more doubt of this than that God called dear brother Abraham Merrill; and if you do not preach, I fear you will be sorry, very sorry.

"Ah, but you will preach; you will preach in the pulpit! Now answer this, and tell me, 'Yes, I will! even if the Lord stops my mouth when I rise to speak.'

"But He has promised to 'be mouth and wisdom unto you.' You know how fast the preachers are dying. Are not their ranks to be filled? Is there not immediate need of more laborers than ever? I think you fear that you shall go before you are sent. The enemy is taking advantage of you. The fact is, he fears you will preach and shake his kingdom; and he knows you would give the glory to God. Try the Lord, and 'see if He will not pour you out a blessing that you cannot contain.'

"Methinks I hear you say, 'I will, Lord Jesus.' Thus answer the One who begat the desire in your heart to preach. Surely He would not call you if He did not want you. Satan has been worrying you almost to death.

"Now I asked the Lord to use my pen, and I believe he has.

"'As you go preach,' and the very God of all mercy and peace be and abide with you now and forever.

"This is the earnest prayer of your unworthy sister in Christ, ELIZABETH MUNROE."

"Boston, August 4, 1873.

"MY VERY DEAR SISTER P——:

"Sitting alone, thinking of you away and sick — poor dear child! — I feel sorry for you; but Jesus is our elder brother, and He suffered for you and me, both in mind and body. Afflictions do not arise from the dust, and you are a praying soul. Now God takes His own time to answer prayer, but sometimes it is in a different way from what you expect; but He pities and loves you, and will cause all things to work together for your everlasting good. Oh, yes; our love to Him brings into our souls that calm resignation to His will.

"How you and I would love to be at camp-meeting now, praying for a fresh baptism! Down in that tent at Happy Valley we told the Lord we would be led by Him in all things. Yes, in all things, because all things that are ordered or suffered are to be for our greatest good.

"If I could tell you what trials I have passed through, you would think I was one to sympathize with you. Thus far the Lord has led me on, and I have great reason to praise His name for the good school He put me in to learn the important lessons of obedience and submission to His will. When we say, 'May I, Lord?' and He says, No, we must not kick; for we are as apt to wander from God as to be satisfied with our own desires. If He should fill us with our own ways, we should ruin ourselves. Oh, the Lord loves you, I know, and He has a great blessing for you. Look up and receive it. Dear child, seek your food from the Word of God, and pray much and often. Let Lizzie die. If you are able, answer this, and tell me how near you mean to live to your dear, loving Redeemer.

"And now may the perfect rest increase in your heart daily, is the sincere desire of your sister in Christ,

"ELIZABETH MUNROE."

CHAPTER XIV.

TRIBUTES AND REMINISCENCES.

THE following tributes are presented, not for the purpose of lauding the sainted one to whom they refer, but to set forth her characteristics, which are given graphically and generally in her own language. They are considered as adding greatly to the interest of the book. Those who knew Mother Munroe personally, will readily recognize these representations as constituting a true portraiture of her life, character, and sayings.

From Rev. Wm. F. Warren, D.D., President of Boston Theological Seminary, who was once the pastor of Mother Munroe:

"A true prophetess was Mother Munroe. Her peaceful message shone self-luminously through every feature and every act. Her word needed

no other credential than her own saintly self. The very sight of her countenance gave one a new conception of the peace of God, 'which passeth all understanding.' Perfect trust, and perfect rest, seemed the sole tenants of her heart. Yet she was no idle mystic. Hands and feet were busy in the dear Lord's work. No member of my flock, in Bromfield Street church, guided me, in person, to so many strange and perishing souls, lost in the great city. Some were in the bare attic, — one, I well remember, in a home of palatial luxury.

"All alike looked upon her face as if it had been the face of an angel. Her memory is as a peaceful and perpetual vision."

From Professor L. T. Townsend, D.D., of Boston:

There are few of whom it can so appropriately be said, 'of precious memory,' as of Mother Munroe. Devout, yet modest and charitable; sensitive to the least impropriety, yet most gentle in her reproof; I never heard from her lips, in religious meeting or in social converse, any expression which needed apology, or which could be much, if any, improved. She knew much of religious truth, while, at least, some of her pastors did not,

yet she said nothing about it. Her sole effort seemed to be to encourage and comfort. Her smile was a psalm of praise; her words of commendation were a benediction, and her prayer for the preacher was a Divine inspiration, of blessed and precious memory!"

From Hon. Jacob Sleeper, Mother Munroe's class-leader:

"Elizabeth Munroe was a power for good beyond multitudes of others more favored in their circumstances and surroundings than her self, and was on all sides recognized as a 'mother in Israel.' Serious without sadness, cheerful without levity, open-hearted, sincere and affectionate, rejoicing with those that rejoiced, and weeping with those that wept, she interested herself in the temporal, as well as in the spiritual welfare of others.

"Heaven alone knows what untold blessings resulted from her unobtrusive but exemplary Christian life; from her uniform testimony to the goodness of God, and to the exceeding riches of His grace; from her words of cheer to the perplexed and desponding; and from her earnest prayers at the social meetings, at the bedside of the sick and dying, and especially in her own

humble home, where she was wont to commune with her God and Saviour.

"She prized greatly her weekly class-meetings, where she might always be seen, unless she was unavoidably prevented. Young and old, rich and poor, learned and unlearned, welcomed her presence there, and none more heartily than her leader, with whom she was always in sympathy, and to whom she was a most trusted and effective helper.

"In 1849, under the labors of Rev. Dr. Higgins, at that time pastor of Bromfield Street church, between one and two hundred converts were added to the society. Of these converts, a class of young ladies was placed, at their own desire, under sister Munroe's spiritual care, and, as might have been expected, were greatly helped at the outset of their Christian life. In class-meetings, as well as in other places, she made manifest that 'wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.'

"For the greater part of her life she was quite alone in the world, so far as the ties of relationship were concerned, and her undivided love was given to Christ and His church. Her feelings, in this regard, often found expression in the beautiful hymn of Dr. Dwight, beginning:

"'I love thy Kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode.'

"As the infirmities of years increased, she did not weary of life, but continued to maintain the cheerfulness, and, as far as her strength would allow, the usefulness of her earlier days, contemplating calmly, and without doubt or fear, the period when earth would be exchanged for heaven. . . . . .

"In front of the altar, where she had so often commemorated the suffering and death of her ascended Redeemer, rested, for a brief space, her mortal remains. The tearful eyes and subdued sobs, in that large congregation, assembled from town and country, were at once a testimony of their appreciation of her, while living, and of their grief at her death."

From Miss Lois Smith, of Bristol, R. I., well known as a devoted and successful worker for Jesus :

"I was first introduced to Mother Munroe, and her hallowed upper chamber, in the summer of 1867, by my friend Cassie Smith. The impressions of that first interview are fresh in my memory. 'One of heaven's nobility,'

I had heard her called by Mrs. Dr. Palmer, and I anticipated in my imagination — I can scarcely tell what sort of a person — certainly not the quaint little body that greeted us at the landing of the second flight of stairs, arrayed in the peculiar habiliments that I had often heard mentioned. Mother Munroe was just going out, but her delight at meeting Cassie, who was then to us all as one risen from the dead, was expressed in her own peculiar manner, as she turned to conduct us to her room. She said, 'I heard you were going over. I didn't know but you had gone.' I sat somewhat apart while the two conversed in the language of Canaan for a time, and then we each prayed in turn, and when we arose from our knees and prepared to leave the house, I was struck with the courtly grace, as well as Christian politeness and affection with which she gave me her hand. At once I knew I was admitted to her friendship, and from that time, whenever I visited Boston, was sure of a warm welcome to her room. I have a cherished memento of this visit, a copy of 'St. Luke's Gospel,' which she gave me with the air of one asking a favor, saying: 'Will you please accept this little book?'

"Soon after this visit to Mother Munroe, in

Boston, we were favored with her company for a day at the residence of our hostess in Cambridge; and such a day! We sat in heavenly places! I do not know what honors await me in 'this world of noise and show,' but I felt then as if the greatest earthly honor fell to my lot that day. I went to Boston to escort the precious old lady to her home, and as we threaded the crowded streets of the city, it seemed to me as it the swiftly rushing throng of people reverently made way for us, as if they recognized the noble rank of the unassuming representative of the 'kingdom which is not of this world.' Indeed, Mother Munroe used to say that Father cared for her especially when on the street. 'Why,' said she, 'the other day somebody didn't see me, and quite pushed me over on the sidewalk, but a man picked me right up as tenderly as if I had been a baby, "for He shall give his angels charge concerning thee," you know, He said.'

"'At one time, many years ago, when walking alone, late at night, in a lonely portion of the suburbs of the city, the thought suddenly came to me, 'How easily now some ruffian, concealed among these gravel banks, could spring out and assault me.' Immediately there came to my mind, 'Who is he that will harm you if ye be

followers of that which is good?' I said, 'Nobody, Lord, nobody!' and I have never feared since.'

"On leaving the house of a friend one evening to go to her home, she said, 'I am going across the Common, it will be a shorter way.'

"Her friend remarked, 'It seems hardly safe for you to go through the Common at night alone. Are you not afraid?'

"'Oh, no, I am not afraid,' she replied. 'I'm not alone, for Jesus is with me, and takes care of me. Whenever any man speaks to me I go right to talking religion to him, and he's sure to leave me at once.'

"Once she was asked, when going up Beacon Hill, 'Where are you going?'

"'Going to Heaven, to be sure,' she replied.

"Speaking of a suffering invalid whom she had been visiting, she said to us, 'I told her it was God's fire; never mind what it is made of.' A thought that has often been a comfort to me when in the furnace myself. Could Christians always realize that it is 'God's fire' when they are in tribulation, and that He placed them there that they might glorify Him and be made more fit for His use, how much less complaining of trials there would be!

"When Mother Munroe could not conscientiously commend, she was slow to denounce a fellow-Christian. 'Father won't like that,' was a favorite form of expression, intimating the divine disapproval of certain men and measures. Her own opinions were modestly expressed always, and often withheld altogether when there seemed to be no good to be accomplished. Betsy Munroe was never suffered to intrude herself upon public notice, but a wound to 'the cause' was always keenly felt. For instance, I remember at a certain camp-meeting, a fling at Mrs. Palmer and her so-called 'peculiar teaching' grieved the old lady sadly, and coming to my tent at the close of the service, she spoke of the fact, adding, as she quietly tapped the floor with her foot, 'Father didn't like that! No, no, Father didn't like that.'

"Mother Munroe never lost an opportunity of seeking to win a soul. The last time I saw her was at the house of Mrs. C——, in Cambridge. She was evidently nearing her heavenly home. She had spent a day and night with us, and, as she was preparing to return to Boston, she bade us each good-by in turn. As she passed through the kitchen on her way to the side entrance, as being more convenient for her in her feeble con-

dition, she noticed a woman washing dishes. She was temporarily employed there, and Mother Munroe had not seen her before, as she was not a regular member of the household. The dear old saint hesitated. Here was a soul to be looked after! Perhaps an unsaved soul. The circumstances were awkward; the woman's back was toward her, and as she did not turn her face, as Mother Munroe evidently hoped she would, she still lingered, for she was never discourteous to the humblest of her fellow-men. At last, pressing to the woman's side and beaming out such a heavenly smile as it seemed to me I had never seen, she gently said, 'Do you love my Lord?' The hearty, 'Yes, ma'am, I believe I do,' in good broad English, cleared away all doubts and perplexity from her countenance, and she offered her hand with her invariable air of courtesy and respect, saying simply, 'I'm very glad,' and immediately left the house. The little scene, so imperfectly described, is still fresh in my mind, and the memory fills my eyes as I write. I never saw her more. My own health had failed, and I went seldom to Boston, but I feast my heart often with the recollection of this little transaction so indicative of her character: 'Little, simple, humble, honest, innocent, sincere.'

"Precious saint! I was confined with illness

when she 'went over,' and could not attend her funeral, but my soul was filled with unutterable emotions of holy joy as I thought, she has seen and held once more that pierced hand. She wears the robe now, washed in the blood of the Lamb."

From Cassie Smith, friend and associate in labors of Miss Lois Smith :

"Bristol, R. I., June 2, 1876.

"DEAR SISTER JAMES :

"Lois has prepared for you some 'reminiscences of Mother Munroe,' which I think may furnish a valuable contribution to her memoir; but perhaps I ought at least to add my 'mark,' as a personal acknowledgment of the fact that I owe much to the counsels, prayers, sympathy, and godly example of the dear sainted one. In the spring of 1864 I came to Boston and was there surrounded by entire strangers. In looking for a church home, the Bromfield Street church was recommended to me by one of its members, who kindly invited me to occupy a seat in her pew, showing me those pleasant little attentions so well appreciated by strangers. With her I attended my first Sunday evening meeting in Boston. One of the most interesting features of

the service was the testimony of an old lady dressed in a peculiarly plain garb, whose face beamed with holy joy as she testified with humbleness, quaintness, and fervor, of the power of her blessed Lord to save poor sinners. I was introduced to her after meeting, but saw little more of her until I returned after my vacation and went again to the vestry of the Bromfield Street church. I told the people then of the wondrous love of Christ, as revealed to me while absent, giving them the details of the new and rich experiences received, the substance of which was that the Lord had sanctified me wholly, had cleansed even me from all sin, and filled me unutterably full with His presence, and I longed for everybody to prove with me His power to save unto the uttermost. The next morning early, before I had breakfasted, who should call but Mother Munroe. She came to tell me there was a devil, assuring me he would not be pleased with my course and would seek to dissuade me from it, and if unsuccessful would do his best to annoy me while I persisted in it. So she had come to prepare me for the storm of temptation she expected would succeed the 'plain testimony,' especially when given by a young Christian.

"Although I was not 'ignorant of the devices of Satan,' as she concluded before we had talked long on this subject, for she said as she rose to go, 'I have lived in the world a long time, sissy, but I never knew any one of your age who was so well acquainted with the devil,' yet I valued this, her first call, as an evidence that this 'Mother in Israel' cared for my soul, and was watching over me in love.

"Soon after this I passed her on Washington Street on my way to 'a meeting for the promotion of holiness.' As she called to me I turned back, when she said, with a merry twinkle in her eye, 'Don't forget your errand, sissy. When you get to the meeting, don't forget your errand.'

"I was not accustomed to special meetings of this kind, and did not expect to take a part, but I could not forget her admonition, which led me to ask the Lord to use me there if He would, and I was newly baptized when witnessing for Him that day. It was my privilege for some time to meet her often at the Lord's house, for she was seldom absent from either of the services of the church. And then the Lord met us as we prayed together in her little upper room, which seemed to me as near heaven as any place on earth, when, kneeling by my side,

she was talking to 'Father' so naturally and familiarly, and yet with the profoundest reverence. She said to me one day, when she was talking about praying for her friends, speaking particularly of Sister Palmer, whom I had shown the way to her abode a day or two previous, 'I have so many to pray for that I generally do them up in a bundle and ask Father to sort it over and give to each what they need; but some names I always mention. Sister Palmer's name and yours, Cassie, I remember every day in prayer.' This assurance was a source of strength and comfort to me for many years. It would occur to me when severely tempted, or sorely tried. Mother Munroe prays for me to-day, and Jesus pleads my cause at the right hand of the Father. So when I was ready to cry out, 'My heart and my flesh faileth,' I would instantly add, 'but God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever.' On my return from the West, after I had been, as was supposed, very near death, she seemed anxious that I might recover my health. She would say, 'Eat all the mutton broth you can, Cassie, and live as long as you can. Old Satan hates you, and if he can't get you out of the way by one means, he'll try

another. Don't let him hurry you round. Remember the Lord thinks a great deal of the body as well as the soul; rest it for Him.'

"How much more impressive were these quaint little sayings of our mother in the gospel, than long dissertations on health or religion delivered in a sanctimonious style! When Lois and I were going West, we received her parting benediction in the hallowed upper chamber. Oh, what glory filled the place as she commended us to the Lord there! We knew she was very near to 'Father,' while with trembling voice she talked with Him about every little matter that might concern our welfare or affect our usefulness. She prayed for us first separately; and I remember a part of her prayer for me, and could but smile through my tears, as mentioning my name to the Lord she said, with indescribable tenderness, 'She's nothing but a lily, Father; don't let her suffer more than is best for her soul, and most for Thy glory.' In closing, she prayed for us both in a most impressive manner, saying, 'Shut them up with Thee, and give them thousands of souls.'

"We have sometimes thought that the first petition of this inspired prayer was answered through the furnace experiences which followed,

and have been so long continued, and wait in hope for the fulfilment of the other.

"Mother Munroe wrote as follows to Lois and myself:

"Boston, December 7. 1870.

"My very Dear Sisters in the Lord:

"So very glad I was to hear from you, though very sorry to hear of dear Lois' illness. Dear child, her elder brother has been baptizing her for His work. No present affliction seemeth joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, it shall work out a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. Yes, we are 'dearer to Him than all the world without.' His saints! O glory to the name of Jesus! He saves us this moment, and 'does not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men.' Tell dear Lois I love her dearly. Tell her I pray for her, that her dear Heavenly Father will sanctify her sickness to her; that she may slay her thousands and comfort poor mourners, showing them the plain way to the cross, where flows the blood with power not only to save, but to cleanse from all sin.

"My mind has been drawn out very much upon the infinite necessity of talking holiness to the church. This is the day — yes, it has come — when we must be bold and fearless in

declaring the whole counsel of God. It appears to me that the line is drawn — 'He that is holy, let him be holy still; he that is filthy, filthy still. For the infidel is preaching, There is no sin; man never did sin; there is no Saviour; there is no hell; there is no judgment-day; Christ was nothing but a poor man. But they are blind; they cannot see; but ah, they are drawing away our young people! Oh, pray, pray! This is the day of which Jesus said, 'If they do these things in a green tree, what will they do in a dry?' Ah, they are sealing their future destiny. But again Jesus says, 'Go out and compel them to come in, that My house may be filled.'

"God is working fast, and Satan is using all his forces, for he knows his time is short. The work of holiness is prospering gloriously. The fire that was kindled at the camp-meeting has not gone out. No; it grows warmer and stronger. Yes, the Lord is with us, saving souls. We have a dear soul in Brother ——. He has understood more about holiness since the National Camp-meeting. The Lord is blessing his labors and encouraging the converts.

"And now I must close by saying, if the dear Sisters —— knew I was writing, they would send their love, with many others. When shall we see

you again? as you did not say. Do take care of your health. Live as long as you can. Laborers are few. Tell dear Lois, Paul thought much of Lois of old, and Jesus thinks a great deal of her now. Yes, He is looking upon her now; and when we get home we will talk it all over.

"And now believe me,

"Your truly sincere mother in Israel,

"E. MUNROE."

"And now I am thinking of Mother Munroe's final triumph, a fitting close to a long life filled up with usefulness. She used sometimes to feel 'homesick,' and long to 'go over.'

"Many years ago, she was, as she told us, very, very sick, and no one expected she would recover. She was happy in the thought of going to be with Jesus. But one day the doctor noted encouraging symptoms, and accordingly told her that he thought, with careful nursing, she might possibly get up again, although she would not be able to do anything for a long time. To his surprise she received this announcement with downcast looks and tearful eyes, and he thought she must surely have misunderstood him. But she was disappointed in not being permitted to enter at once upon the glories of the heavenly

world, and was oppressed with the idea of being a burden to others during a tedious convalescence.

"Then she says, 'The question came to me, "Wouldn't you be willing to stay here and live and suffer for Me until you are seventy-five years old, if you could be the means of saving one soul?" and I said, "Yes, Lord, till I'm ninety-five."'

"Long and faithfully she served her Master after this. The last time I saw her she said, 'I'm almost home now, sissy. All I've got to do to get there is just to breathe my last; only just to breathe my last.'"

Mrs. Dr. Harrison, widow of a Baptist minister, thus writes of the great light and comfort received from Mother Munroe:

"I came to Boston some years ago with a heart crushed and bleeding from the loss of my precious husband. Left entirely alone, I felt that the world was a blank to me. My husband had been all the world to me, and now I had nothing to live for.

"A relative with whom I was residing said to me, 'I must take you to see Mother Munroe. She will help you to rise above this sorrow.'

"Her abode was in a little street near our dwelling, and soon I was found sitting at the feet of the venerable saint, learning lessons from her which were to lift me above the clouds of trouble, and cause me to triumph in Christ. Her sympathy for me in my excessive grief was expressed in words so soothing, tender, and kind; and such fervent prayers for my comfort and relief were offered. She said, 'Now, dear child, you must look right up; take your thoughts away from your husband to Him, who is "the widow's God." You must fix your thoughts upon Him, think of His great love, and of His power to lift you above your troubles, and of his precious promises that cannot fail; and think, too, of the work he has given you to do.

"'Nothing to live for! Why, you have a great deal to live for. The Lord has plenty of work for you to do now, right away. Look at the wickedness and the suffering in this great city. Think of the sickness and the sorrow among the poor! Come with me in my walks among the fallen and the wretched, the afflicted and the dying. See the great field open before you, and hear Jesus calling to you, "Go work to-day in my vineyard." Nothing to live for! Oh, never say that again, but begin at once to work for

Him who loved you more than your earthly husband loved you, Him who gave His life for your redemption; in working for Him you will forget your troubles, and find sweet comfort in trying to help poor souls much worse off than yourself.'

"That was a new era in my life. I found, indeed, a great work for me to do, and, engaging in it, I was truly lifted out of myself and above the world, and found a new life of hallowed usefulness and enjoyment in caring for others and living for Christ.

"The secret of Mother Munroe's success in winning souls and helping believers up to the higher life was that 'her eye was single.' It was the one object of her life to glorify God, and her whole trust was in Him."

From Mrs. E. Avis, formerly of Boston, now a member of the M. E. Church in St. Louis, Missouri:

"In 1834, '35, '36, and '37, Mother Munroe led a band composed of the younger members of Bromfield Street church, Boston, of which I was one.

"No privilege of my life seems so dear as to

have been permitted to be under the influence of such a leader. The instruction she then gave me on the subject of entire consecration to God in that early period of my Christian life, I have proved by more mature experience to be in accordance with the precious Word and always profitable to the soul.

"So closely did she walk with God that she would generally know the condition of those for whom she prayed, from impressions made upon her own mind by the Holy Spirit. On two occasions she came to see me, led by such impulses. Both times I was under peculiar trials, and when I told her, she would not, by any language of her own, try to meet the case, but immediately knelt, and in her own inimitable way commended me to her Redeemer and mine, and before she finished her prayer I felt that I had renewedly committed myself and my all to Jesus.

"I was asked one day in her hearing what I would do with a very wayward scholar in my Sabbath-school class? I replied, 'I will never give her up.' Mother Munroe exclaimed, 'Glory be to God! let that ever be your motto when the Lord gives you a soul to labor for. I will pray, too, for that soul.' In a few weeks we had the happiness of seeing that precious one converted.

She lived many years an exemplary Christian, and died in the triumphs of gospel faith.

"Mother Munroe gave many precepts that were very significant and very profitable. One was, 'Tell your joys to your fellow-beings, but tell your sorrows to God.'"

Mrs. C. J. Holbrook, of Auburndale, one of the large number who shared the affectionate interest of Mother Munroe, gives her testimonial of her faithfulness, her sympathy in affliction, her wise counsels, and motherly care. She says:

"I remember her ready tact to soothe the feelings of one grieved, whether the cause was real or imaginary.

"For my encouragement she would speak of her own trials and temptations. She said the tempter often assailed her. Sometimes when she went to prayer-meeting he would suggest to her to keep quiet, to which she always gave this one answer: 'If Father has anything for me to say, I'll say it.' Then the tempter would leave her, and trouble her no more during the meeting.

"At my home she was a welcome and frequent visitor. She was delighted with the river

and grove; loved to ramble over the hills, and view nature's beautiful scenery, speaking of it as the gift of her dear Father.

"Eight days before her death it was my privilege to spend the Sabbath with her. Although it was only at intervals that she recognized who was talking to her, most sweetly she dwelt upon the story of the cross, and did not wander. After a season of prayer, I sang some of her favorite hymns. She whispered responses, and expressed her delight in the singing. When I sang low and softly the stanzas,

> "'My latest sun is sinking fast,
> And I know I'm nearing the holy ranks
> Of friends and kindred dear.
> Oh, come, angel bands,' &c.,

her responses rose triumphant, and she seemed like one just rising at the Master's call to join the angelic band.

"I soon afterward left her to see her no more until I looked upon the lifeless form 'beautiful in death,' and followed her to her last resting-place. As we turned from her grave and contemplated her love and labor for the church, her tears and earnest prayers for sinners, her heart-felt sympathy for the suffering, her long life so

faithfully devoted to the service of Christ, we wonder not that her dying-bed was surrounded by angel visitants, and that Jesus whispered, Thy work is done."

Mrs. S. B. Holway, whose testimony is given concerning the gracious baptism which fell upon Mother Munroe at Eastham camp-meeting, was intimately acquainted with her for forty-eight years after that event, and gives this expressive testimonial :

"I was a member of the same band with Mother Munroe. How much I owe to that sainted woman can never be known till eternity shall reveal it. Her influence over me can not be estimated in its results. Ever she was leading me to 'look not at the things which are seen, but at those which are not seen.' She was with me in scenes of joy and of sorrow, and as an angel of mercy ministered to me in sickness and bereavement. She was my counselor. I went to her as I could go to no other but Jesus, and she shared all my joys and sorrows. In her dear tender heart I found a receptacle for all that burdened me, and she was such a sweet comforter.

"I find in my diary, of September 11, 1873, these words recorded: 'To-day dear Mother Munroe came. Had a very precious day with her. We have been looking back on by-gone years, when we first met in 1825. It was then our happy acquaintance began. I was, at that time, fourteen years old. and was happy in God.'

"On 13th of October, 1873, I heard the dear saint had been struck with paralysis, and hastening to her room, I found her with a sweet smile, expressing the same blessed trust and assurance that 'Father does all things well.' 'Safe in His hands, and all will be right,' she said. I called soon again, when she told me of a severe conflict with Satan, but her confidence was unshaken.

"At my third visit she told me 'the Lord had come very near, and she had gained a great victory.' She said, 'I have been very low. I knew all about it. It was a shock, but you see I'm a great deal better now.'

"I took with me, as I always did, some little comforts. She said, 'I have everything that I could wish for. My dear brother S. attends to me and sees that I want for nothing. Do just take this beautiful fruit to some other sick one.' I did so, and it was a comfort to one who has since passed away, and now is with the sainted

one, of whom I am writing, in the paradise above.

"Being soon called away from the city, by the serious illness of my son, I was absent four weeks. On my return, the news met me that my precious friend had just gone to her heavenly rest. As I listened to the recital from those who had attended her in the last days of her holy triumph, I felt I had missed a hallowed privilege in my absence from that sick-room, whence her pure spirit took its upward flight.

"A friend of Mother Munroe, who called to see her a short time previous to her death, in speaking of the heavenly world and its inhabitants, said: 'You will not need to be told who they are, for sight is knowledge there. As soon as you see them you will know them;' adding, 'I know this is true from my own experience, for once I was very near death, and had a vision of the heavenly city and its inhabitants, and immediately knew who they were, although some of them I had never seen in the flesh. I saw my husband, and he seemed so near that I could touch him; and also saw Jesus, and recognized Him as my Redeemer.'

"Mother Munroe seemed jubilant, and expressed much delight at the idea of knowing all

the glorified ones as soon as she should see them, and above all, that she should see Jesus and be like Him."

From Mrs. Lizzie Tower, of South Boston, who was one of the many who were led to Jesus by Mother Munroe, and a member of her class of young ladies. Mrs. Tower says of Mother Munroe:

"She was my spiritual mother. She called me her child in the Lord. To her prayers and Christian influence I am indebted for all I am to-day. It was through her prevailing power with God in prayer that I am still with my dear family. In a time of extreme illness, when I was given up as a hopeless case by six of the best physicians, and was thought to be dying, Mother Munroe prayed for my recovery, and arose with her face all radiant, saying, 'She will live.'

"In times of affliction she was my comforter. My little blind child was a subject of her special regard and sympathy. She would say, 'Leave it all with Jesus, He doeth all things well.'

"Speaking one day of meeting in Heaven, she said, 'If I go first I will watch for you; and when you come I will lead you round the

heavenly city ; but I will first take you to Jesus, and we will kneel at His feet, and thank Him for saving us,' — laughing with ecstatic joy as she spoke of the anticipation of celestial bliss.

"Mother Munroe was enabled to turn away wrath in others by the kind and gentle way in which she would answer unkind and ungenerous remarks. She had the patient and forgiving spirit of Him who imparts that love which 'hopeth all things, beareth all things, endureth all things, and never faileth.' Hers was truly a sanctified heart and life, as all who knew her most intimately could testify."

From Mr. E. Emerson, of Boston :

"Mrs. Elizabeth Munroe was the most saintly person I ever knew. Many others will bear the same testimony. Her religion was no mere sentiment — it was the union of her heart and mind with 'whatsoever things are pure, lovely, and of good report.' She loved religion for what it was. Her life was an enthusiasm that affected those with whom she associated. 'She spake as one having authority,' — *i. e.*, she spake from convictions so settled and decisive that they came home with power to the minds of others. Her religion was of the heart. She was a true

Christian, therefore she bore the fruits of the Spirit. She did not labor to be a Christian, but, being one, she 'worked the works of Him who sent her.' She 'came not to be ministered unto, but to minister,' like her Lord. She had experienced the baptism of the Holy Spirit, and in the power of that baptism she lived. Hers was the spirit of adoption. She was not a servant, but a child, and, as a child, entered upon the possession of the fullness of her Father's house.

"'The things that eye hath not seen nor ear heard, and that have not entered into the heart of man,' she saw, heard, and enjoyed, for God had revealed them to her by His Spirit. Her experience was ever fresh, varied, and full. She testified of what she knew personally and experienced. She never catered to the unbelief and prejudices of the church or world, but witnessed to the fullness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ. She professed and lived the doctrine of sanctification by faith, and her life was such a life as Jesus taught."

Miss M. V. Ball, editor of the *Youth's Guardian*, of Boston, Mass., in writing of Mother Munroe, says:

"From my childhood's earliest recollections I have revered her unostentatious piety. Her very walk seemed to speak of humility. I never met her, even in the street, that she did not have some rich, sweet word concerning Christ and salvation. 'Dear child, how do you do? how is the soul prospering?' were her usual questions. She had great simplicity of manner, as well as dress. She seemed to be surrounded with an atmosphere of quietness and peace. One felt it in approaching her. The benediction of the poor in spirit must have been hers. Her beautiful smile, and her low-breathed 'Bless the Lord,' were indeed eloquent, as she listened to the recital of prosperity to God's cause in the various departments of Christian effort. How her eyes would sparkle, and her face light up, when mention was made of the heavenly mansions, and of those who had gone to receive their reward! She seemed to have a foretaste of the inheritance of the saints in light, and to participate in their triumph, who 'through faith and patience inherit the promises.'

"Her walk was close with God, and consequently she could not fail to shed a heavenly influence around her."

The following lines are from the pen of Miss Ball, the author of the above tribute:

"MOTHER MUNROE.

"Oh, saint of the Lord, just ascended,
How looketh thy mansion of rest?
Its portals by angels attended,
Who welcomed thee in with the blest.

Did troops of the blessed and holy,
Who 'swept through the gates' long ago,
Give welcome to thee as thy story
Was echoed by love's overflow?

Hast thou seen Him—oh, sight beyond telling!—
The Joy, the Crown Jewel of heaven,
To whom, in all glory excelling,
The anthems of heaven are given?

Hast thou walked by the life-giving river?
Hast tasted the fruit of that tree,
Whose leaves are for healing and blessing
When plucked by the ransomed, like thee?

Hast thou gazed on the marvelous glory
Of things that our eyes may not see;
Prepared for the meek and the holy,
By love of the Saviour for thee?

Oh, saint of the Lord, just ascended,
How bright is thy mansion of rest!
Its portals by angels attended,
A welcomed and glorified guest."

From Mr. Covell, of Springfield, Mass., formerly of Boston:

"When about eighteen years old, I left my home in the country for a home in Boston. Very soon I became acquainted with dear Mother Munroe, of whom it may be truly said:

'None knew her but to love her,
None saw her but to praise.'

She was my friend — I am proud to say — always kind and loving, but faithful to warn, to counsel, and to reprove as she saw needful. I always felt, after hearing her words, that I must be a better Christian.

"Very soon after my marriage we had a visit from Mother Munroe, for my wife also was one of her friends, and both of us members of the same church and class with her.

"When we sat down to dinner, I began to serve the food, as usual, without grace. 'Stop,' said the dear saint, 'you haven't begun right. I

want to ask a blessing on this food, and you must do it hereafter, honey dear.' I was reproved, and felt it keenly. I knew it was deserved, and it was done so lovingly I could but receive it and thank her kindly for it. I immediately began to ask God's blessing at my table, and have continued to do it ever since. Had she not been faithful to me, I might have failed to perform this duty, and would have lost much by such an omission.

"Oh, how many are thankful to-day for Mother Munroe's faithfulness! She was faithful to God, to His church, to herself, and to the world.

"She had great power in winning souls. Many were led by her to the cross and to a better life. One case of special interest, of which we knew, I will here mention: — 'A woman who was a sinner,' but for whom Christ died, yet whom many seeing, 'would pass by on the other side' without a kind word or look; but Mother Munroe noticed her, and in her loving way told her of the good Shepherd who 'came to seek and to save that which was lost,' and who left the ninety and nine that were safely sheltered within the fold and went in pursuit of the lost one. The poor wanderer's heart was touched, and she was won back to virtue, happiness, and heaven.

"When dying, she sent for her good friend who had saved her from ruin, and said to her, 'I am dying now, but I am very happy. I am going to heaven to be with Jesus. When I get there, I shall first go to Jesus and tell Him how very thankful I am that He saved such a sinner as I; and then, if He will let me, I will come straight back to the gate and watch for you, and be the first to welcome you when you come; and I will take you to Jesus and tell Him that you were the one that led me to seek Him.' Doubtless they are now together before the Throne, praising God and the Lamb.

"Talking one day with Mother Munroe about temptations, she said, 'Well, I used to be troubled a good deal with temptations, but now, when the devil comes, I just tell him that I belong to Jesus; I am not my own any more, and if he has anything to do or say to me, he must go to Jesus with it, for He attends to all my business; and I tell you Satan gets out of my way pretty soon.'

"The last time I saw dear Mother Munroe was shortly before she died. I never can forget that season — never! How saintly she looked! So much of heaven beamed in her countenance, and so many precious words dropped from her lips! I seem to see her now, as she sat in her

chair talking of Jesus, and the narrow way. She said, 'Dr. Steele has been in a little while ago to see me, and he asked me how I felt about dying; for he supposed I would not stay here a great while longer; and I said, Why, I feel just like a little girl all dressed for a party.' As she repeated this her face was all aglow with holy triumph, and she laughed from ecstatic joy.

"I saw her face no more, but heard of her glorious death, and said in my heart:

'Oh, may I triumph so,
When all my warfare's past,
And dying, find my latest foe
Under my feet at last.'"

A tribute is due to Mother Munroe's Unitarian friends for their great kindness to her, especially during her last illness. Their gifts were lavished upon her so profusely, she said, "Do tell them not to bring any more, for I have now much more than I can use;" often expressing deepest gratitude, saying, "Dear, good souls; they are so kind to me, sending me the choicest things! Well, Father will reward them; I'm sure He will."

CHAPTER XV.

CLOSING TRIUMPHS.

"Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." — 1 Cor. xv. 57.

THE following account of Mother Munroe's last illness, and of her triumphant departure, is given by a faithful friend, who was privileged to stand "quite on the verge of Heaven" by being in that chamber where Mother Munroe plumed her wings for her upward flight:

"As Mother Munroe neared the end of life her greatest solicitude was in reference to the boys she so dearly loved, that they might be 'obedient to the Heavenly calling,' and preach the blessed gospel in its fullness.

"The last visit of one of them, on the Tuesday evening before she passed away, gave her peculiar pleasure. She said 'his coming filled her

heart with joy, for she had a message from God to him,' and it was this, 'Fear no man, but stand firm for holiness;' and looking at him very earnestly, she said, 'Oh yes, dear brother, preach holiness and live it.' He replied, 'I can preach nothing else, for I believe that is the teaching of the Bible.' Very emphatically she responded, 'Amen! that is true, but many will oppose.' He said, 'Let them oppose, God will not; He is the Head of the church, and He is stronger than men.' She replied, smiling, 'Yes, dear child, I am satisfied now that you understand the Holy Spirit, and I am so glad the dear Lord has heard and answered prayer, and that you are going to preach Jesus. I am glad He has let me live to see you once more, and to hear this from your own lips, for the Lord will be a power through you in the salvation of souls. Oh, bless the Lord forever! My work is almost done here, and yours is just begun. Be faithful! for this I have found, that the Lord loves His faithful ones and blesses them. Now, dear child, go forth in the strength of the Lord, and preach Him to all the world, and I pray that He will be with you always, even to the end, and I know He will.'

"After he left her she slept, and, on awaking, she said, 'That boy will preach, and the Lord

is going to do a great work through him. You will see it. Oh, how I wish every minister would preach Jesus, and Jesus only!'

"Resting a while, she spoke of another of the boys with much affection, saying, 'Tell him to sing for me when he comes again, for I love to hear him sing. Yes, he too must preach holiness; God bless him! How truly beautiful they all are, dear boys, in the gospel of Christ! As I lie here, and pray for them, my heart is filled with praise and glory to God who has made them whole through the blood of the Lamb. They will, in his strength, stand firm, and preach Christ in all His fullness.'

"During all the day, Wednesday, she was praising God. 'Oh, how beautiful! Precious Jesus! Glory! glory!' were her frequent utterances. Quite often she spoke of those she loved. In the evening we saw that she was sinking. One of 'her boys' came in. He looked at her, but did not speak. As he turned away from her she said, 'Call him, and tell him not to leave me till he prays.' Kneeling beside her, and taking her hand, he commended her soul to God.

"Through all the night following she was full of praise. Early on Thursday morning she rose up and said, 'Yes, I must wash my face

and be ready; I've had another stroke, haven't I?' 'Yes,' I replied. She said, 'That is all right; this is the last one, and all is well.'

"During the previous part of her illness she suffered but little pain, and it was a delightful privilege to be with her. Everything we did for her she would say, 'This is beautiful! how kind!' often exclaiming, 'Dear Father! precious Jesus!' As her friends came around her, she had sweet smiles and loving words for them all. Many brought delicacies and comforts for her, and she would express her gratitude, asking God's blessing upon them.

"One day she said, 'Dear child, tell me if there is anything I want that I do not have?' I said, 'Nothing, but much more than you could ask or think, for everybody wants to bring you something good, and I have to tell them that you have more than you can use.' She raised her hand and said, 'How kind they all are! I'm a poor old woman, living on the promises of God, and you see how bountifully He supplies all my need! And this is so beautiful! beautiful! beautiful! Oh, His word is unfailing! Trust Him! trust Him fully! Tell the kind friends, I love them and thank them so much.' Giving her some refreshment, she looked up and said, 'I have meat to eat that you know not of, and very

soon I shall want no more on earth, but we shall eat together in our Father's kingdom.'

"Thursday evening she took my hand and drew me near her, and then whispered in my ear, 'Dear child, Jesus loves you very much, and soon we will be with Him. Precious Jesus! Glory! glory!' Raising her hand, she beckoned, saying, 'Oh, see! Can you see them? Oh, so beautiful!' Then taking her handkerchief, she waved it toward the objects of her vision, while a celestial smile played over her face.

"Having darkened the room, thinking the light of the street-lamp and the lamp in her room would be too much for her failing sight, she quickly signalled for me to come to her, and laughing, said:

"'You have darkened the room, but it is lighter than ever now with the presence of my dear Jesus! Come nearer till I tell you all. Oh, I wish you could see them all as I see them. I am going, and you will go soon, but not now. Your work is not done yet. My dear child, be faithful till He comes for you. I am going home, for Jesus has come and tells me my work is done.'

"She paused. I said, 'Yes, and well done.'

"With her face all aglow with heavenly light she said: 'I have tried to be faithful. My precious Jesus says He will not take me just now, but

will leave the angels to comfort me, and will come Himself very soon and take me home in His own bosom to the mansion He has prepared for me. How glorious to live and die with Jesus! Oh, precious, precious Jesus! This is beautiful, but it is glorious up there!'

"After resting a short time, she again began her exultant praises, waving her handkerchief, and taking my hand, exclaiming:

"'Oh, how beautiful! beautiful! Oh, see! Don't you see all the dear ones who have gone up from Bromfield Street church? They are all around! The room is filled with them! How light and glorious! See them! sisters and brothers, (calling their names,) then shouting, Glory! Yes, they are flying all around; they want me to go with them! Listen! they are singing! Don't you hear them? Oh, how sweet! Dear old Bromfield Street, you are all-glorious, glorious in beauty! Precious Jesus, all Thy word is fulfilled in and through Thy loved ones, who are saved by trusting in Thee!

"She sought for her handkerchief, but could not get it quickly, and so caught up the corner of the sheet and waved it in triumph with renewed energy, exclaiming:

"'Oh, see! see! here are all our loved ones that have gone home — the young people — you

know them, they are all around you now! Oh, see! they have formed a circle around my bed! Listen! don't you hear them? Their wings touch us! Oh, yes! Heaven and earth are one! Glory! glory! Beautiful! beautiful!'

"Again resting a few minutes in sleep, she awoke and talked of our church. She said:

"'How I have loved them and prayed for them, God only knows. He has answered prayer, and blessed us in the past, and will do so again. Tell them if they could only see as I do, they would take courage and stand firm, and work for Jesus and the salvation of precious souls. Tell them the angels are all around, and Heaven is not far away! Oh, our church will yet arise and shine in the beauty of holiness. Praise His name! Tell them, if I had my life to live over again I should go to that dear old church all the time as I have done, and would speak in every meeting, and pray and exhort the church to holiness, and sinners to come to Christ and be saved. Many more will come up out of that dear church having white robes washed in the blood of the Lamb!'

"Again she repeated, 'Tell them how deeply I love them, and how earnestly I have prayed for them, with many tears, before the Lord. God bless them!'

"After sleeping a while she awoke with a look of glad surprise, saying:

"'Why, they are all here yet! It is all glorious within and all glorious without! O precious, precious Jesus!'

"I suggested to her that she had better be quiet a little while; but finding she desired to say more, I bent over her to catch the precious words. They were in reference to her beloved class-leader, expressing her deep interest and regard, and praying that his valuable life might be long spared to bless the church, as he had done for many years. After this she could say but little, and sank rapidly. We watched and waited for the coming of the chariot to bear her home.

"On Monday evening, December 15, 1873, at half-past seven o'clock, after three hours' sleep, from which she never awoke, she quietly passed away in the arms of Jesus to 'the palace of angels and God.'

"'One of Heaven's nobility' she was called by Mrs. Phœbe Palmer, who now shares with her the glory of the kingdom, where they see the King in His beauty, and worship together at His feet. A fitting title for one so faithful and so loyal, who had so beautifully represented her Saviour here, and had so honored His adorable name."

"TRIUMPHAL ENTRANCE OF MOTHER MUNROE INTO THE CELESTIAL CITY.

"So an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." — 2 Peter, i. 11.

NOT scarcely saved, — but sweeping through the gates,
In triumph passed our precious mother home.
What wonders burst upon her eyes and ears
As borne by angels o'er the golden streets!
New notes of joy resounding through Heaven's courts
That now a daughter of the King comes home
To claim her crown.

Only a glance at those
Resplendent scenes — the jasper walls, and sea
Of glass, and crowns, and palms, and harps, and bands
Of angels — orchestra of Heaven, so grand —
The crystal river and the trees of life,
The great white Throne, the host of worshipers.

Only a glance at these; though many loved
And precious ones are mingled with that throng,
She heeds them not, nor stops to greet; for lo!
Her eyes had seen the King! — her gaze is fixed
Upon the Crucified.

Her crown, so bright
With gems, she hastes to cast at His dear feet,
Who ransomed her. "Not unto me," she cries,
"Belong those jewels won. Not unto me;
But Thine they are, and Thine alone the praise
For evermore."

Entranced she looks upon
His face unveiled, and cries, "'Tis He! 'tis He!
My soul's Redeemer! He! my heart's chief joy!
Oh, this is Heaven complete, for I behold
The Lamb!

Mother beloved, we envy thee,
For thou art safe at home, that sweet, sweet home!
"For ever with the Lord." How blest! And we
Would follow in thy track: thy footprints bright
Mark the straight path to God: and following thee
We'll reach the world of bliss.

CHAPTER XVI.

FUNERAL.

"Them that honor me I will honor." — 1 SAM. ii. 30.

GREAT respect was shown to the departed saint in the large attendance at her funeral in Bromfield Street church. The pulpit was beautifully draped — not with mourning, but with white hangings, entwined with white pinks. At the head of the casket, upon a small table, was a basket of flowers. Upon the casket was a sheaf of ripe wheat, so expressive of her character, mature and lovely in all Christian graces and good works. The plate on which the name and age were inscribed was encircled with a heavy wreath of deep green ivy leaves, interspersed with little clusters of violets. Midway of the pulpit front

a handsome bouquet was fitted to a niche therein. Mother Munroe's dress was black, and on her head was a cap such as she always wore. She was "beautiful in death," perfectly natural in her appearance, looking as if in a sweet slumber. Her serene and heavenly countenance seemed as God's seal to a holy life for all who looked upon her to recognize.

As to the respect shown, a princess could not have had more. And was she not a daughter of the Great King?

The following remarks were made by Rev. A. D. Merrill:

"I acknowledge, my friends, that I am oppressed with the responsibility of this hour. Never, in a ministry of more than fifty years, have I been called to officiate on an occasion like the present, which embraces so much interest in my own mind. It may seem strange to some present that I should be called to occupy this position to-day. But it is not one of my choice, yet I deem it one of the highest honors of my life.

"My acquaintance with Mother Munroe com-

menced in 1828 at the Eastham Camp Meeting of that year. This acquaintance has been maturing from that time to the present. Between my sainted departed wife and sister Munroe there was a sweet affinity of spirit which grew stronger and yet more strong, as years have come and gone. She often visited us, and was as welcome to our children as to ourselves. Nor has it been less so since my second marriage. On the 21st day of June, 1872, she visited us at Dorchester for the special purpose of securing my services (if I outlived her) at her funeral. Finding her very solicitous in her request, I assured her that I would do so, the Lord willing. When this arrangement was fixed upon, she wished me to carry her to Milton Mills to see Sister Pollock, and ask her for a place in her burying lot at Forest Hill Cemetery, where she could sleep beside her until the morn of the Resurrection. This being granted, she then said her anxieties were all gratified, and she could rest in peace. I then made several inquiries of her as follows:

"1. What was your age when converted?— *Answer:* About twenty years.

"2. How long have you enjoyed the blessing of perfect love? — About forty-seven years.

"3. Have you enjoyed the witness all these forty-seven years?—Yes.

"4. What has been your manner of life for this length of time?—Constant and systematic labor.

"This labor was: 1st. To let her light shine before the church in bearing testimony of what God had done for her. This she did, just as if the Church all believed in full salvation, though she knew that some of them did not believe in it. But she knew whereof she affirmed. Again, her labors were for the salvation of sinners. This was among the sick and poor. Her habit was to spend the hour from nine to ten A. M. in reading the Bible, and prayer to God to go with her and render her efforts prosperous in their salvation. When calling on the sick, she would take some condiment or present, and pass it to the one at the door for the patient within, with the regards of the donor. This was repeated from time to time until the patient would inquire who that lady was? and invite her in; and so, by these kind visits and gentle movements, she would break down prejudice and get access to the heart, and point the sufferer to the Saviour.

"5. Have you generally been successful?—Yes, generally.

"6. Have you any idea how many of the sick you have visited have been converted? — All of one hundred of the sick I have visited have given evidence of a change of heart and died in peace.

"One woman told her not to name religion to her — she would not hear it. But she continued her visits and prayers until she was converted and died very happy. She sent word from her death-bed, that if permitted, she would open wide the gate and welcome her into everlasting habitations.

"She told me at the time she came to Dorchester on this errand, that about three months before she was very much blessed. She said she was overwhelmed with the presence of the Holy Spirit, and never since had she seen or heard the name of Jesus uttered reverently without her eyes being filled with grateful tears and her heart leaping for joy.

"She also spoke of her singular costume, and gave the reasons for adopting it, viz., that she was naturally very fond of dress, and she felt that propensity must be checked, or the welfare of her soul would be periled. She made the sacrifice for life, although it cost her some persecution."

An account was here given of her triumph in her last sickness, which is omitted in this because it is given in the chapter of her "Closing Triumphs." Referring to her last hours, he said:

"As long as she could speak, such sublime utterances fell from her lips. When I saw her, on Monday, she tried to talk, but could not be understood.

"Thus has passed away from earth to Glory, one of the most holy persons I ever knew. Oh, what lessons do her life and death teach us? Ought we not to be followers of those who, through faith and patience, inherit the promises? What an example of purity for about fifty years, of faithful living in following Christ, of patient suffering, of tenderness and love, of sweetness of spirit, and triumph in death? I never knew the like. Whoever would die such a death must live such a life. I have attended hundreds of funerals, but none like this. O what a crown! What a reward! What a victory! Oh, may I get near enough to God to speak with her and join her in crying 'Holy! holy! holy is the Lord God Almighty! Heaven and earth are full of

His glory!' What an honor to the Bromfield Street church in Boston that such a saint for so many years has been one of its members!"

The day of her funeral was remarkably mild for December, and a number followed the remains to Forest Hill. At the grave, in the beautiful cemetery, the hymn designated by the dear saint to be used at her funeral was sung:

"And let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint and die;
My soul shall quit this mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high."

An eye-witness gives the following account:

"When the time came to lower the casket, which was not opened after its removal from the church, the superintendent of the cemetery — who had known Mother Munroe for many years — stepped forward, as if desirous of rendering this service himself, and, taking the place of one of the attendants, assisted in the last duty to the dear departed.

"A young lady — a dear friend and classmate

of Mother Munroe — standing at the foot of the grave, commenced singing the stanza —

'Oh, how sweet it will be
In that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain —
With songs on our lips,
And with harps in our hands,
To meet one another again!'

All present joined in the sweet song. The attendants, who were making preparations to fill up the grave, immediately ceased their work, and, with uncovered heads, waited until we had finished. Then followed a pause. Again we sang another stanza of a favorite hymn of the sainted one:

'O Jesus, the crucified, Thee will I sing!
My blessed Redeemer, my Lord and my King; —
My soul, filled with rapture, shall shout o'er the grave,
And triumph o'er death through the Mighty to save.'

As before, the men stopped their labors, uncovering their heads again until the singing had ceased. This impromptu service was very impressive.

"All that transpired in connection with those memorable obsequies tended to impress the minds of those who witnessed them that nothing had

been omitted which could do honor to the memory of the departed.

"A beautiful monument was soon erected to mark the spot, by some of the many who knew and loved Mother Munroe.

"One to whom she was specially endeared selected the marble of which the monument is made, and said to the gentleman of whom it was purchased, 'I want it made of the very best marble in your possession.'

"'Who is it for?' he asked.

"'It is for Mrs. Elizabeth Munroe.'

"'Do you mean "Mother Munroe?"'

"'Yes; Mother Munroe.'

"'Well; if it is for that good woman, I will take pains to furnish the best I have.'

"He then showed him one of the most perfect pieces of marble, and of that he made the monument."

It is of statuary marble, without spot or seam; pure almost to transparency; plain, solid, simple in design; strikingly emblematic of the one to whose memory it is erected.

From *Zion's Herald* of December 25, 1873, the following is taken:

"On Thursday last, while the funeral services of the great naturalist were attended by sympathizing crowds in Appleton Chapel, Harvard College, Bromfield Street church was filled with weeping men and women, offering their last tributes of respect to one of the saintliest mothers in Israel that Boston has ever known. For years Mrs. Elizabeth Munroe has been the sole representative in this vicinity of the Quaker simplicity and form of dress which characterized the early Methodist sisterhood. Her quaint attire, her quiet manner, her seraphic smile, her clear, but gentle and musical voice, have long been the most memorable feature of old Bromfield Street church, and the one golden link connecting the present with the earliest days of its history.*

"Mother Munroe was well known through the whole religious community of the city. Her piety was never questioned, and her daily walk was the satisfactory confirmation of the high and constant profession of perfect love for Christ, and the full assurance of faith, which she, with unaffected humility and simplicity, openly made. She loved the house of God, and was constant in at-

* Her portrait hangs in the vestry of this church — a token of the love and esteem in which she is held.

tendance upon the public and social means of grace. She was an anointed prophetess, and ever magnified the Lord her Saviour in open testimony and in supplications inspired of the Holy Ghost. Like her Lord, she went about doing good to the bodies and souls of her fellow-men.

"Mother Munroe died at the ripe age of eighty years and six months. By her own request, made a year ago, the venerable father, A. D. Merrill, who had known her for almost fifty years, made the address at her funeral. He was deeply affected himself, and his audience was in tears, as he sketched her early life and activities, and repeated her dying testimonies. Dr. W. R. Clark, Dr. Patten, Rev. V. N. Simons, pastor of the church, and the editor of *Zion's Herald*, participated in the services of the occasion."

VISIT TO FOREST HILL.

On a lovely day, in early autumn, several friends of the sainted one, whose memory is so precious, visited the charming spot where her remains repose. The beauties of Forest Hill never seemed so striking as on that

balmy October morning, when through its shaded avenues we wound our way to the resting-place of our dear Mother Munroe.

Approaching the hallowed spot, a sacred awe stole over us, and we felt that we were indeed on holy ground, where angels kept vigil over those who "sleep in Jesus." With feelings of reverence and devotion we bowed at that grave upon the beautiful carpet of autumn leaves, and joined in supplication. With melted hearts, and tearful eyes, we offered our thanks to God for a life so radiant with the mind of Christ, which had shed on earth its heavenly beams for so many years, showing forth the glory of the blessed "gospel of Christ which is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth," and which by its holy influence had enabled her to win many souls to Christ, and lead multitudes of believers into a close walk with God.

Then we prayed that her Christ-like ex-

ample — so precious a legacy to the church and the world — might be cherished in remembrance, and imitated through all time; and that the mantle of Mother Munroe might fall upon her who led the devotions of that hour, and who had been chosen to prepare a memorial of the departed saint; that she might be specially helped from above in that work; that it might prove a blessing to the church and to the world.

While we lingered in supplication, the Holy Spirit was hovering over us, and the benedictions of Heaven rested upon us. We seemed within the precincts of the celestial country, and its glorified inhabitants our visitants, with whom we were holding sweet converse.

Again that heaven-illumined face seemed to look upon us, and we listened to her inspiring words, so oft repeated while she was yet with us: "LIVE FOR JESUS; WORK FOR JESUS; BE LIKE JESUS."

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